St. Charles Seminary Library
Carthagena, Ohio

$1.50 May 22, 1987

COMMONWEAL

8712 00799788N
ST CHARLES SEM LIB
CARTHAGENA STA
CELINA OH 45822

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CORRESPONDENCE

All in 'la famiglia'

Budoia, Italy

To the Editors: As an American living abroad in Italy, your selection of arguments for the editorial "The Family Way" [Feb. 13] belies that title. As I watched Giovanni, my pensioned neighbor, building his home to the specifications of his son and daughter-in-law, I realized that "family wage" here is for "*cosa nostra,*" not a single-parent way-station. I believe legislation should be focused on keeping "*famiglia nostra*" together rather than supporting apartness as your statistics would indicate: shared jobs (Friuli railroad-crossing custodians), family work (Tuscan women driving tractors), children helping (bikini-clad teens pitching hay), reversal of roles (male waitresses). Our *asilos* (pre-schools) are state-supported, most often run by nuns, but still expect parents to pitch in and help. Nothing is ever secure in life, including jobs; but here, rather than trust an illusion, home industries (the Napoli glove factories) are winked at by the carabinieri. Maternity leave is generous (true!), but equally helpful is universal medical coverage. Maybe our European neighbors can teach us about how to "reorder our priorities."

WILLIAM R. ROSSEY

Abandoning rhetoric

Washington, D.C.

To the Editors: Paul Sigmund in his book review [March 27] was kind to call *Will It Liberate?* "important," and no doubt correct to call it "flawed." He did misstate one fact, though. He says I say "nothing" about the central importance the liberation theologians are lately giving to democracy or about the paper given by Hugo Assmann at my invitation in 1985. But, in fact, the new concordance on the value of democracy, as the introduction (p. 7) makes clear, frames my whole book. And there are more than two pages on Assmann's presentation.

Let us hope that Professor Sigmund and I are correct in trusting the support liberation theologians have begun to extend to democracy; it is the premise of my book. I hope he is also correct in judging that "the liberation theologians have largely abandoned the crude Marxist rhetoric of the 1970s." My own judgment in the book was: "Finally, I should add that over the past fifteen years, many liberation theologians have been progressively modifying their initial infatuation with Marxist analysis, in response both to real experiences and to public criticism. A certain fluidity is manifest, and public argument clearly plays a role in advancing the discussion."

MICHAEL NOVAK

The author replies:

To the Editors: Michael Novak is correct that I failed to note the appendix chapter concerning Hugo Assmann's discussion of democracy (which was added after the draft version that he kindly gave me). It is still true, however, that *Will It Liberate?* does not even mention the basic ecclesial communities that are now the central focus of liberation theology, and much more important than the outmoded Marxism that Novak attacks so vigorously and effectively.

PAUL E. SIGMUND

Pastoral fiascoes

Sandstone, Minn.

To the Editors: Thank you Michael Gallagher [Jan. 16] for expressing the truth that the emperor has no clothes, namely that with all their public huffing and puffing the American Catholic bishops' pastoral letter, "The Challenge of Peace," was a fiasco. . . . All their limited wisdom is wiped out with the acceptance of nuclear deterrence policy as morally acceptable.

I write this letter from an American prison because I do not find nuclear deterrence at all morally acceptable. . . . As a member of the Plowshares group, the Silo Pruning Hooks, I took it on myself to help disarm a nuclear bomb targeted at other human beings in my name. In my prison bunk, I sleep well knowing I have done my best to live and to speak as Jesus Christ.

An irony of our present official morality is that it is not all right for a homosexual to exist in a situation beyond his control, suffering from an "objective disorder," but it is morally acceptable for the U.S. to stockpile 30,000 nuclear warheads to kill many millions of people. Do I have reason to feel very confused? Has our religious leadership sold out to an animal called "consequentialism"?

PAUL KABAT, OMI

Correction:

In Fr. Robert Imbelli's "Letter to the Editor" (May 8), a printer's error deleted an essential phrase which our proof readers failed to detect. The incomplete sentence from the final paragraph should have included both latter-day Thomists and Bonaventurians. The full sentence reads: "Perhaps if our latter-day Thomists were so courageous as he in their critique of the contemporary heirs of Siger of Brabant; and our latter-day Bonaventurians boldly denounced the dishonesty of the reactionaries, the fragile *via media* might yet prevail." Our apologies.

THE EDITORS

Commonweal is indexed in Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature, Catholic Periodical Index, Index of American Periodical Verse, Book Review Digest and Book Review Index. Microfilm from Vol. 1, 1924, to current issues available through University Microfilm, 300 N. Zeeb Road, Ann Arbor, MI 48106 and on Microfiche from Bell & Howell, Wooster, Ohio 44691. Serials Data program No.: ISSN 0010-3330. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y. Copyright © 1987 Commonweal Foundation.

Illustrations: Cover & p. 333, Paul Valerry; pp. 312 & 315, Al Ross, Rothco; p. 316 from Etty Hillesum: Letters from Westerbork; p. 318 © *Punch*; p. 331, Rita Corbin.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COMMONWEAL

CONTENTS

Volume CXIV, Number 10

Correspondence	306
Editorials	307
How to keep the pro-life movement small: *Jane Thomas-Bailey*	308
Religious distraction: *Keith C. Burris*	310
Asceticism & the evil one: *John Garvey*	311
Science & the ways to God: *Holmes Rolston, III*	313
Letters from 'the kingdom of night': *Lawrence S. Cunningham*	316
Screen: *Tom O'Brien*	318
Stage: *Gerald Weales*	320
Verse: *John Fandel*	321
Eyes that do not sleep at dawn: *Rosemary Deen*	322

BOOKS

The Body Silent: *Robert Jackall*	324
Tales of a New America: *Jack Clark*	326
Due East: *Carl Mitcham*	329
A Theology of Artistic Sensibilities: *Mary Carroll Nelson*	332
Time's Covenant: *James Finn*	334

STAFF

Editor: Peter Steinfels
Assistant Editors: David Toolan, Karen Sue Smith, Patrick Jordan
Production Editor: Anne Robertson
Poetry: Rosemary Deen
Movies: Tom O'Brien
Staff: Karen F. Silva, Harriette Balsky, Janice Gates
Advertising Manager: Ruth E. Taylor
Publisher: Edward S. Skillin

Commonweal, [ISSN 0010-3330] A Review of Public Affairs, Religion, Literature, and the Arts, is published biweekly, except monthly Christmas-New Year's and July and August, by Commonweal Foundation, 15 Dutch St., New York, N.Y. 10038. Telephone: (212) 732-0800. Single copy, $1.50. Yearly subscriptions, U.S., $28; Canada, $30; foreign, $33. Special two-year rate: U.S., $49; Canada, $53; foreign, $59. All Canadian and foreign subscriptions must be paid in U.S. dollars by International Money Order or by check on a U.S. bank. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to Commonweal, 15 Dutch St. New York, N.Y. 10038.

Unsolicited manuscripts are welcome but cannot be considered or returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Gary-kari — & after

Gary Hart is gone but the questions remain—about morality, character, presidential leadership, and the responsibility of the media.

As for the Hart candidacy itself, goodbye and good riddance. If Gary Hart wanted to confirm all the nagging doubts about his character, he could not have done it better than with his departing statement. "I haven't spent a lot of time and effort trying to create an image," said the man who has worn his brains on his sleeve just as ostentatiously as other politicians have worn their hearts there. After the revelations of the preceding days, we were to be reassured by the assertion that "frankly, I'm pretty happy with who I am." Yes, he had "made some mistakes"(echoes of Ronald Reagan) because he was, yes, "human," and though they may have been, yes, "big mistakes," they certainly weren't "bad mistakes." Run that by us again?

But Hart's remarks were not just self-exculpatory; they were self-congratulatory. Running throughout his statement was the implication that he was just too good for the "political game," victimized as a "rare bird" because of his fatal superiority to other politicians. When the Best and the Brightest Award for Hubris and Complacency is conferred for 1987, we can guess whose name will be in the envelope.

Hart never quite grasped the difference between articulating a political program and being a political leader. The American presidency, in particular, combines some of the aspects of the British crown and the British prime minister, and what the British might tolerate in a Lloyd George would have been unthinkable in a Queen Victoria. American presidents not only lead the nation politically, they represent it symbolically. That is why, for example, many voters who are untroubled by Teddy Kennedy in the Senate still balk at the idea of Teddy Kennedy in the White House. Today, the "royal" dimension of the presidency badly needs to be contained rather than emphasized; but it is not about to disappear, and probably shouldn't in any case. It is a reality of the American system that candidates have to respect no less than they do the need for, say, an effective farm or education policy.

Does this mean that, in an age of media scrutiny, the nation's insistence on what are currently called "family values" in its national leader will leave it bereft of qualified candidates for the presidency? Nonsense. The loss of Gary Hart, for instance, still leaves the Democratic party with an excellent range of candidates. Among them are individuals of intellectual caliber equal to or greater than Hart's and with a good deal more proven legislative or administrative skills. But the case of Hart has raised issues that will no doubt haunt the rest of the campaign, and have important implications for American public life generally.

Anyone doubting that should have been listening to a public television discussion, broadcast right in the midst of the Hart brouhaha, on the president's power to shape interpretation of the Constitution by appointments to the federal courts. The pro-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gram's moderator suddenly asked Bill Moyers what he would do if a document came across his desk showing that the fourteen-year-old daughter of an anti-*Roe v. Wade* nominee for a federal judgeship had obtained an abortion. Would Moyers consider that a legitimate news story? No, said Moyers firmly. It did not concern the nominee directly and therefore had no relevance to the question of congressional approval. Yes, replied another respected journalist. Such a fact might indicate that the nominee was insincere in opposing *Roe v. Wade*, or hypocritical about abortion, or an inconsistent elitist. What if the nominee had herself obtained an abortion; would *that* be a story? Both journalists agreed it would. What if the nominee had made the arrangements for the daughter? The lines were blurring fast.

Fortunately, not all the problems are quite so anguishing. Question: Should adultery automatically disqualify a candidate from the presidency? Answer: No. Question: Does persistent flouting of one's marriage vows reveal something about a candidate's character that might be relevant to service in the nation's highest office, or for that matter in almost any office? Answer: Yes.

At that point, of course, the questions get stickier. Just what is this relevance? Does it give the media license—or indeed an obligation—to investigate and publicize every aspect of a candidate's life? Are there questions a candidate should simply refuse to answer—or any decent journalist refuse to ask?

Responses have tended to fall into three groups. On the one hand are the worldly wise—call them Euristocrats. They are either amused or appalled by this primitive American moralism that thinks public life and sexual mores might in any way be connected. On the other hand are the tough guys—call them the Front-Pagers. All's fair in love and politics, and if you can't stand the heat, stay out of the bedroom. In between is the great waffling public. It simultaneously holds (a) that "womanizing" is a serious strike against any presidential candidate but (b) that other personal failings, like drunk driving or cheating on taxes, may be even more significant. It quickly dropped its opinion of Gary Hart but just as quickly blamed the press for going too far in digging out the Hart story.

As so often, the public's apparent inconsistency may reflect a deeper balance. To the worldly wise and the tough guys, the public seems to be saying:

1. Don't take sex and family faithfulness lightly. One national political commentator declared on TV that the issue in the Hart case "was *not* adultery." Instead it was "veracity . . . discipline . . . trustworthiness . . . the ability to sustain relations over time." Ordinary folks who tuned in late might have stupidly thought he was talking about adultery.

How to keep the pro-life movement small

I am a faithful participant in our annual local March for Life. I feel it's the least I can do to walk a half-mile and listen to a few speeches so that I can be added to the body count that will appear in the next day's newspaper.

But I often feel that the people who run the show aren't talking to me. What's worse, they're not talking to a lot of people like me who haven't decided yet what to believe about abortion. Mostly they're talking to themselves.

First of all, they sing a lot of songs about God — and a very Christian God at that. I am not putting them down for being religious. Nor am I saying that faith should be confined to sanctuaries. But I think a lot of people turn off these messages as fast as they turn off the TV evangelists who flicker by on the TV dial. Many people do not like to have religion blared at them through loudspeakers in public squares.

The subliminal message from the songs, and from many of the speakers, is that you have to share these religious beliefs before you can become pro-life. The Jew, the agnostic, the liberal Protestant, the Unitarian, walk quickly by thinking, "This cause is obviously not for me."

Worst of all, the religious language only reinforces the belief that abortion is "a religious issue," irrevocably linked to school prayer and creches on the courthouse steps. This plays right into the arguments of pro-abortionists who argue that pro-lifers are religious zealots trying to force their arcane beliefs about ensoulment down other people's throats. The pro-life cause can be argued quite validly and successfully on scientific and humanitarian grounds that appeal to people of many beliefs, including Christians. If we want to get a broad coalition of people on the side of the unborn, we must base our public arguments on those grounds.

I also feel excluded from much pro-life rhetoric because I am a political liberal. I have heard speakers urge me to vote for "godly, conservative candidates." Since when did that become the criterion of the pro-life movement? You can tell people to vote pro-life without invoking either the church or the Republican party. I wonder how many potential pro-lifers have been turned away because of this ideological confusion?

I have also felt excluded because I am a woman who must work outside my home. Too often too many of the voices in pro-life leadership are male. I wonder as they speak, how many of them have ever had to choose between a baby and a promotion? I, and many of my colleagues, have. I chose to delay conception; other women have chosen abortion. Yet I have heard pro-life speakers frown on the first and castigate the second as if women were utterly selfish for seeking a bigger paycheck. All too often they are merely trying to keep the rent paid and food on the table. Of course it is wrong to kill an unborn baby in such a situation, but it is also wrong for the pro-life movement to ignore the problems that employed women

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

But not taking sex and family feeling lightly also means recognizing their complexity. What they may indicate about character, particularly the dimensions of character most relevant to public leadership, can only be understood in connection with other traits and circumstances. These are truths known to citizens even without benefit of Freud. Furthermore, if we know the other traits and circumstances, the sexual behavior is simply apt to be confirmatory.

2. Don't destroy all the lines between public and private. If the symbolic role of national leadership eliminates political figures who recklessly affront the society's sexual standards, it is no less symbolically unacceptable to allow presidents, presidential candidates, and other top leaders no sphere of privacy for their intimate lives. Of course, political figures who parade their families and construct their images with little vignettes about their breakfast cuisine have only themselves to blame for the erosion of a private sphere. And for every time the media have stepped over the line to dig up political leaders' personal failings, they have probably stepped over the line dozens of times to peddle imagemakers' pap.

3. Just because some information proves useful, don't suppose that the means of obtaining it have to be institutionalized. An overheard phone call may alert someone to a crime; that doesn't mean eavesdropping should be made a habit. Lie detectors may reveal important information; a society rife with them would be hateful. Gary Hart may have given the *Miami Herald* sufficient cause for its stakeout before the fact and plenty of justification for it afterwards. But Hart cases make bad laws, as well as bad puns. Will some other editor, with much less provocation maybe but a good tip nonetheless, have enough fortitude not to make stakeouts standard operating practice for political reporters? We hope so, and not because sexual behavior is unimportant, but because it is important, and with it the preservation of a sphere of privacy essential to genuine intimacy and family relations.

face. If these problems were addressed constructively from the public soapbox, more women would pause to listen to our message.

In an odd way, however, men have been excluded from the pro-life message, too. I have seen a lot of teenage girls bravely tell of the baby they had, or the abortion they had. I applaud them for their courage in speaking out. I have never seen a boy (or a man) stand up in public to tell of the remorse he feels for impregnating several young women and then for denying responsibility for the babies. That message needs to be heard as much as the message of the woman who had an abortion needs to be heard. Those boys and men are among us, but for some reason we have put only the girls and women on the spot.

The pro-life movement needs to address male responsibility for abortion. That must include the personal responsibility of men who don't want children, but impregnate women, and the corporate responsibility of a male-dominated economy that makes few allowances for babies. Then more women, and more men, will begin to take us seriously. But too often these critical issues are on a collision course with the conservative political and religious agendas that I wrote of above. Until all of these ideologies can be sorted out, my fear is that the pro-life movement will remain a minority coalition of religious conservatives.

JANE THOMAS-BAILEY

Jane Thomas-Baily is assistant editor of Sisterlife, *the quarterly newsletter published by Feminists for Life of America. This article originally appeared in the Winter 1987 number of* Sisterlife *(811 East 47th St., Kansas City, Mo. 64110).*

AN EDITORIAL DISSENT

Commonweal's editorial "Is Deterrence Moral" (May 8) concluded that it is not only inevitable but reasonable, and by deduction advisable, that we accept living beneath the nuclear threat, at least into an indefinite future and perhaps forever. If this is correct, then out of the depths we must cry to you, Lord. We are prisoners, but we should be grateful. We are hostages to a dragon monster of our own making. We have created it to protect our own freedom. All that is left is to prevent it from breaking forth in fiery fury by appeasing it with attention and resources (our homage), and to parade it before our enemies.

Commonweal may have made a prudential judgment that nuclear deterrence is necessary, the lesser of evils. But it has not explained why nuclear deterrence is *moral*. Is it moral because of the end it hopes to insure or garner? Are useful means necessarily moral? What has dropped from sight in the *Commonweal* editorial is that nuclear armaments are *by design* war-fighting weapons. If hard-nosed realism is your measure, ask the Pentagon. The purpose of these weapons is to inaugurate or carry on acts of war so catastrophic that they are beyond the soul's wildest imagination.

Nuclear weapons are, to use the phrase of Freeman Dyson, contemptible weapons. Their manufacture is fraught with danger, as is their deployment. Installed, they lie hidden — do we not wish to look upon our saviors openly? — in the depths of the sea or chained off in no man's lands, time bombs subject to accident, blackmail, stupidity, and misguided ideologues. No, the Constitution does not guarantee they will never be used. No; it does not even guarantee they will be used only by competent authority.

With nuclear arms we have created the ultimate weapon of massive human terrorism. We willingly threaten not only our enemies, but our selves. We threaten our entire species. We are colossal masochists. We have exchanged the club of our ancestors for the heat-sensing, computerized total fire storm of the bomb. At the heart, we have chosen the law of the cudgel; and we are bold enough to smile down on those who would even suggest the law of compassion.

Is it indeed nuclear weapons which have deterred nuclear war? Has it not been rather the human decision not to use

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

them? There have been opportunities. And if we have shown the wisdom not to use them, can we not decide to dismantle them? Who leaves matches out for children, or guns in the reach of distrubed adolescents? Do we build our homes on toxic dumps and not admit that our sleep and perhaps our children's futures are affected?

Is it the weapons themselves that deter? Perhaps it is the frightful memory, somewhere in our collective unconsciousness, of Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Might it be that for each of our nuclear warheads there arises before the face of God a voice, silent to us since August 1945, which pleads in our behalf: "No! No! They do not know what they are doing!"? Is it because of such voices and upraised arms that the nuclear night has so far been prevented from falling again?

And where in the *Commonweal* editorial do we hear the voice of the Gospel: Fear not; your fear is worth nothing; what is needed is trust? Where is there the faintest appeal to the "New Commandment"? Where is there a ready acknowledgement of the responsibility we all bear for the situation we have created?

It is not true, as the editorial asserts, that the logical conclusion of rejecting nuclear deterrence is total and unilateral disarmament. The U.S. bishops have never suggested that. While questioning the morality of nuclear deterrence and calling for the ultimate dismantling of all nuclear weapons, they have maintained that the means to such a goal are multilateral, verifiable, and *gradual* reductions. Why is *Commonweal* so sure that the latter means will not be able to achieve the bishops' goal?

There is too little breadth in the *Commonweal* opinion, too little vision. It fails to see beyond the dragon's smoke. It settles for the view of a small number of American intellectuals and strategists. Has it asked what these theories might look like to the survivors of a nuclear war, fifty years from now? Indeed, has it asked what these look like to the very Communion of Saints? To whom do we turn for advice in learning to resolve human conflict? Who is it that instructs us in the meaning of life? In the last analysis, will it be Christ or Kissinger?

Out of the depths we cry. But there is an answer: Love one another, as I have loved you. PATRICK JORDAN

THE NIMBY SYNDROME

It was no typical case of arson. Allegedly, the house was torched by a few members of the Fresh Meadows Improvement Association, family men who couldn't bear to see their neighborhood jeopardized. What concerned them wasn't the six infants — neglected and/or abused by their parents and left in hospitals long after treatment — who were scheduled to move into the house in Fresh Meadows, and thereby into the city's foster care system. No, the alleged arsonists said they weren't against homeless babes. They were against drugs — the specter that the drug-addicted parents of these babies might bring their vices to the quiet streets of Queens, endangering other people's children as well as their own.

This rationale, called NIMBY (Not in My Backyard), has been raised throughout the nation to protest the construction of prisons, facilities for the mentally ill, drug-treatment centers, shelters for the homeless, AIDS hospices, and now a home for six so-called "boarder babies." While the attitude is understandable in part, in the main, it is a form of self-interest that undermines the social contract between government and citizens which lies at the foundation of a free society.

It is true that property values can drop when certain types of public facilities go up next door; that affluent neighborhoods are too often not considered as possible sites; that stable neighborhoods may change, depending on the size and nature of the facility in question. And no one can dispute that crime, drugs, and AIDS destroy lives, families, and sometimes whole neighborhoods. Effective law enforcement, open dialogue with the community, and vigilant citizens monitoring a facility's effect on the neighborhood can reduce some but certainly not all of these negative consequences.

Still, the social contract between government and citizenry demands both that government provide detention for criminals, rehabilitation for addicts, and care for the needy, and that specific communities embrace or at least tolerate the placement of facilities designated to provide such services. Waves of organized protest and litigation by any community mean that government has to dicker, often resulting in decreased services; taxpayers pay exorbitant fiscal and social costs for stopgap remedies (like welfare hotels, babies residing in hospitals, and overcrowded prisons); and government is railroaded into a secrecy that thwarts any attempt to hold it accountable.

Even private organizations are affected. Harlem's cherished Hale House, which cares for drug-addicted mothers and children, has refused to disclose the location of its centers for infants with AIDS, lest the public rage against it, or someone ignite a bundle of rags in the basement. When the social contract breaks down, all things are possible.

THE PTL AFFAIR

RELIGIOUS DISTRACTION

WHAT BAKKER FED HIS FLOCK

It has been labeled "Holy Wars" or "Biblegate" or "Pearlygate," and once the titillation of personal scandal fades, the PTL affair, like the Iran-*contra* spiracy, may boil down to intricate efforts to follow the money. That would be a shame. It would mean that we have lost sight of the fundamental issue.

In the case of Iran-*contra*, the focus should be the president's governance. Similarly in the PTL scandal, the true issue

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is responsibility.

Yes, Mr. Bakker has said he is accountable to God. But as with the assignments in the basement of the Reagan White House, that is rather freewheeling duty. Accepting that Bakker is on his own with his Maker and can square himself there, what about his flock? What does he owe them?

There is a marked resemblance between Colonel North and the likes of Jim Bakker. They seem to be persons who operate along lines of narcissistic heroism while cloaking themselves in the mantle of St. Paul. For the higher cause that coincides coveniently with personal aims, it is permissible to make one's own rules. Such men become nations or religions unto themselves, and the trouble with that kind of patriot or that kind of believer is that they are not answerable, finally, to anyone or anything but their own fantasies of grandeur.

That fact by itself would add up only to singular tragedies or at least instances of pathos—except that there are more people involved. Just as Colonel North's gambits ultimately involved the lives of persons he didn't appear to have imagined on his chess board, Jim Bakker's pinball theology may most perversely affect those who listened to him and wanted to believe in his work.

Are Bakker and his wife the ones who will suffer? Professionals in their game have a way of landing on their feet. In the long run it is the lonesome American, for whom the PTL Club has been a genuine comfort, who will suffer. He or she wished to believe in something greater than the materialism that seems to be suffocating us, that seems to have finally suffocated the Bakkers.

It could be argued, of course, that the Bakkers had never offered those lonesome Americans much more than that materialism in a new disguise. This would be an exaggeration. The Bakkers were not only false to their "product" but the "product" was false in itself; the problem was not simply the material success that seemed so much a part of the Bakkers' gospel. It was also the sheer publicness of it.

Celebrity introduces a new variety of pride to the organized church. Preachers host talk shows or run for president. Popes become globetrotters. Theologians believe they can solve all the mysteries of love, sex, life itself. Rev. Jerry Falwell described the Bakkers, not unkindly, as "religious entertainers." To make a preacher an entertainer is ultimately to corrupt the preacher and what he or she preaches.

Why? Because entertainment is not art, which shares a kinship with true religion. Entertainment exists to please people in great numbers. It is an opiate. And there is nothing wrong or depraved about that function. It is needed perhaps more now than ever. But it is simply not the same function as religion's.

True religion pierces through all of our self-deceptions and upsets our comforts. Otherwise it is not holy. True religion, like true democracy, must be depended on to reform itself. Religious entertainment does not ultimately offer consolation. It offers distraction. Its net result is to make the solitude of honest religious belief impossible.

The real sin of Biblegate is not money or materialism; it is not sex; it is not even the debasing of religion, which has been debased on and off for thousands of years before television. The real scandal, the sin of the Holy TV Warriors, is that many ordinary Americans who desire rectitude and the sanity of the Christian ethic find that their seeking has been ridiculed, and that what they were persuaded was bread turns out to be gravel.

Somehow to con such people is not the same as selling swamp land condos or even a better tax code. Perhaps Ollie can mock Jefferson and the Constitution. But God is not to be mocked.

KEITH C. BURRIS

Keith Burris has recently become an associate editor and editorial writer at the Toledo Blade.

OF SEVERAL MINDS John Garvey

ASCETICISM & THE EVIL ONE

WHY DO WE REFUSE TO ACKNOWLEDGE EVIL?

Recently I saw *Shoah*, and the terrible question came to me again: Why, in an age which has known the presence of evil like no other, do we find it so hard to acknowledge evil as real, and why do we call evil actions "sick," or "cowardly," or try to explain them in ways which amount to a retreat from a mystery we apparently need to avoid at all costs? This tendency is dangerous. The evil of Hitler himself is less terrifying than the fact that he had followers. Even if he were mad, not possessed, he had followers who were certainly not mad. That is the true horror.

One temptation is to explain compliance by evoking authoritarianism. It is perhaps more accurate to acknowledge the power of authoritarianism — there are indeed many people who feel obliged for a number of complicated reasons to do what they are told — while at the same time acknowledging the more important fact that many people find advantage in even the worst forms of obedience, and comply with what is asked of them for reasons which are entirely selfish. Noble-sounding defenses always can be found in the layers of self-deception in which we wrap our egos. We tell ourselves our compliance involves the fact that we have no real choice in a given matter, or it involves family needs, or the defense of an important cause. What we avoid is confronting self-interest and the protection of the ego, which, if it did not find these defenses, would always find something else.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

There is a loose tradition which makes a distinction between personal spirituality and social morality, and it is a sloppy, false one, a convenience. I think what makes our social morality a problem, finally a lethal one, is a failure of spirituality. By spirituality I don't mean religiosity, but rather the attention that can come with prayer and fasting — the only means by which some demons can be cast out, according to Jesus. This may not lead us into anything which looks like ordinary religion: it may lead us into the desert, as Jesus was led, and the Fathers and Mothers of the desert in the first years of monasticism. The attention prayer and fasting brings us to is in any case necessary for getting clear. And what we are to be freed from is radical evil.

Those who find the concept of the satanic an unacceptable anachronism must at least understand its apparent importance to Jesus and to the early church. We usually translate the final petition of the prayer Jesus gave us, "deliver us from evil," and this can lead us to think of evil as an abstraction, a catchall term for great harm or misfortune. But the New Testament Greek has it, "deliver us from the evil one," and Jesus makes frequent references to the one he considers an adversary who, for whatever reason, has a great deal of power in this world. Satan tells Jesus in Luke, "Power over all this" — the kingdoms of the earth — "has been given into my hands." In the Gospel of John, Jesus refers to "the Prince of this World." For early Christians the spiritual life was not only a matter of trying to become more Christlike; it was a freeing *from*, a struggle to escape entanglement with evil. This was the reason for asceticism. We may dismiss such thoughts as the products of a lightened age; but we are children of our own age, which has its own forms of naiveté.

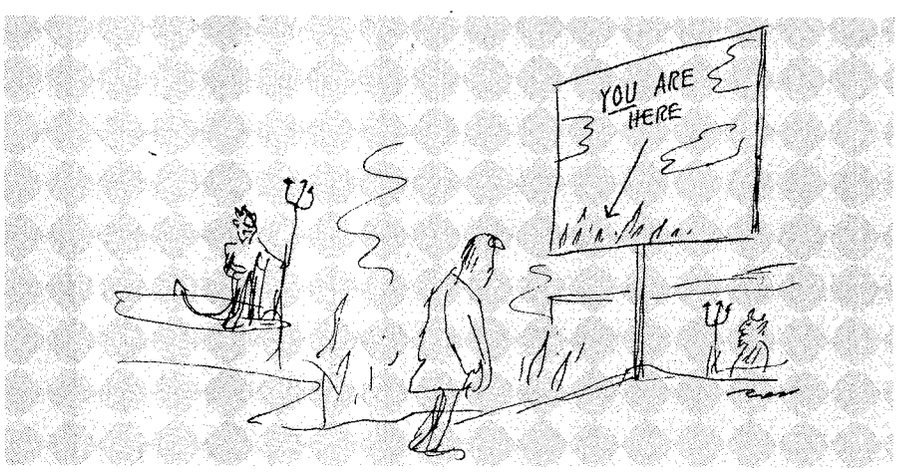
During Lent I came across something by Meister Eckhart which was appropriate for a time of self-denial. It cut through legalisms of every sort and revealed a central aspect of what is involved in fasting. "Christ fasted forty days," Eckhart wrote. "Follow him by paying attention to the thing that you are most inclined to do, or ready to do, renounce that and watch yourself well. It is often more fitting to keep yourself from anxiety than to abstain entirely from food" (*Treatises and Sermons of Meister Eckhart*, translated by James M. Clark and John V. Skinner, Harper, 1958).

The need for that attention has always been with human beings and has taken many forms. What has also always been with us is the possibility of distracting ourselves from the need to struggle for that attention. In fact, we have a positive lust for distraction, and live in a time when it is more easily gratified than ever before. Even external silence makes most of us uncomfortable, and interior stillness is beyond us. We think of silence as an emptiness which must be filled with conversation, reading, or activity of any sort. In *The Power of the Name* (SLG Press, 1985) Kallistos Ware writes, "Silence is not merely negative — a pause between words, a temporary cessation of speech — but, properly understood, it is highly positive: an attitude of attentive alertness, of vigilance, and above all of listening."

People will always feel the need for this, despite — or maybe because of — the omnipresence of distraction. A friend of mine, an agnostic, recently told me that as much as he found solitude necessary, it was not enough; the real problem was becoming still. A few days later, in a conversation about something entirely different, a colleague said something similar: the problem she had was not creating a quiet environment, but stopping the interior noise.

This insight is no doubt what has kept the monastic movement alive in several religious traditions. We ordinarily think of monks as people who flee what we call "the real world" rather than people who are passionate about encountering reality with a clarity which the world tends to obscure. The monastic tradition involves guarding of the heart, in the words of the Fathers. It involves the attention Eckhart wrote about. This is the only border we really control, and the attention we need can't be achieved without effort.

It could sound as if my argument is that prayer and meditation will solve all of our cultural and political problems, and keep us from evil. That is plainly too simple. Religious cultures have coexisted with torture and oppression, and religious people are as eager for distraction as any other people are. What I am saying, though, is that without this struggle, without the understanding that there is something which delights in dissolution and destruction, and it is connected with distraction and the flight from silence — without this we will be even worse off than we are. Attention may help us to cut through the lies and false appeals made to us at the cultural and political level. The Epistle of James finds the beginning of war in our hearts' greed and envy. As someone once wrote, in our time it is not religion but politics which is the opium of the people. Our egos can take advantage of anything — politics, religion, sex, the pursuit of power — to keep us from confronting our absolutely contingent and mortal nature. Only guarding the heart, only undertaking the sort of asceticism Eckhart points us towards, can begin to show us the way out.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SCIENCE & THE WAYS TO GOD

STANLEY JAKI'S VISION OF SCIENTIFIC CREATIVITY

HOLMES ROLSTON, III

When a relatively unknown monk wins the world's "single, biggest annual monetary prize," the Templeton Award, $330,000 for "bridging the gap between science and religion," many will wonder what he has said that is so significant. On May 12 at Windsor Castle, Prince Philip presented Stanley L. Jaki his prize. Jaki, a Benedictine priest, joins Billy Graham, Mother Teresa, Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, and a dozen other notables cited since 1972 for their original insights that "advance the knowledge and love of God."

Stanley Jaki has devoted his life to one of the most puzzling questions of history: Why and how did science appear when and where it did? This question, he thinks, also applies to the problem of the logical sources by which science can continue. Jaki's simple yet profound conclusion, amplified with an encyclopedic wealth of detail in over twenty books, is that there exists "a single intellectual avenue forming both the road of science and the ways to God." Monotheism inspired science, and should continue to do so.

"A systematic departure from the ways of God would readily prevent one from traveling on the road of science," Jaki has written. That conclusion, if sound, bridges science and theism so inseparably that it must be faced by the many scientists who think of themselves as secular, or who think of science and religion as feuding camps, or unrelated disciplines. It will disturb Oriental or Communist peoples who desire science but have no interest in Jehovah.

Jaki, born in Hungary, came to the United States in 1950 and is presently a historian of science at Seton Hall University in New Jersey. His central theme is found in his Gifford Lectures for 1974-1976, *The Road of Science and the Ways to God* (1978), to which his twenty other books are largely precursors, summaries, or corollaries.

HOLMES ROLSTON, III, *is professor of philosophy at Colorado State University and the author of* Science and Religion: A Critical Survey, *just released in paper by Random House, and in cloth by Temple University Press.*

Jaki's first major work, *The Relevance of Physics* (1966), traced the history of physics, its relation to biology, metaphysics, ethics, and theology, and its place in contemporary society. *Brain, Mind and Computers* (1969) defended the uniqueness of the mind. As a historian of astronomy, Jaki wrote *The Paradox of Olbers's Paradox* (1969), *The Milky Way: An Elusive Road for Science* (1972), and *Planets and Planetarians: A History of Theories of the Origin of Planetary Systems* (1978). Further studies of the primary sources appeared in translations, notes, introductions to Giordano Bruno's *The Ash Wednesday Supper* (1975) and J. H. Lambert's *Cosmological Letters on the Arrangement of the World Edifice* (1976). A recent study is *Uneasy Genius: The Life and Work of Pierre Duhem* (1984).

In *Science and Creation* (1974) Jaki argues that science arose only in Europe between 1250 and 1650 because ancient cultures had an insufficient natural theology. Although there were stillbirths and miscarriages, science did not become viable until the High Middle Ages. A "defeatist psychological climate created by the combined impact of cyclical and organismic ideas" discouraged progress; neither nature nor science could get anywhere. In *The Origin of Science and the Science of its Origin* (1978) Jaki claims that science was not a revolutionary development, arriving with a paradigm overthrow, a secular, mechanistic model cutting away from the Aristotelian monotheism that preceded and spawned it. To the contrary, science was the logical evolution of the Christian belief that "the universe was the rational product of the Creator" and that Christians were to become "masters and possessors of nature."

Prepared by this massive scholarship, Jaki comes centrally to address the relation between scientific creativity and Christian theology in his Gifford lectures. "Belief in creation and the Creator was the moment of truth for science. This belief formed the bedrock on which science arose" (*The Road of Science and the Ways to God*).

Would-be scientists have to get rational theory and empirical observation in the right mix, and Judeo-Christian monotheism introduced the proper amount of each. The natu-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ral world, rational by virtue of the creator who made it, is also contingent. The world order is by free creation, not by necessity. Humans must discover the laws of the cosmos by consulting it. On the one hand, we cannot know how the world works a priori (rationalism, mathematics); on the other, mere a posteriori observational data (empiricism) are also insufficient. A Christian cosmology orients thinkers to a moderate realism, and science results.

Even after science was launched, it has not been easy to keep these ingredients properly blended. Too much empiricism (Francis Bacon, Thomas Hobbes, David Hume, Auguste Comte, John Stuart Mill, Ernst Mach) has too little faith in the creative intellect; it passively accepts phenomena as given and fails actively to think God's rational thoughts after him. Too much idealism loses its way in a priori system building (René Descartes, Benedict Spinoza, Immanuel Kant, Johann Fichte, Friedrich Schelling, G. W. F. Hegel); it fails regularly to consult the created world. Scientists (better than these philosophers of science) display real creative genius when convinced of the intelligibility of a nature that can be contingently discovered, splendidly illustrated by Newton in the classical centuries of science, illustrated again, in the twentieth century, by Max Planck, who launched quantum mechanics, and by Albert Einstein, who launched relativity theory. (Though the latter were moderate realists, one wonders about the inspirational monotheism: Newton, Kepler, Copernicus, and Galileo were convinced monotheists, but Einstein and Planck were not.)

There is something profound in Jaki's central claim, which, as historians know, is a familiar one, though never before defended with such massive scholarship. But what more needs to be said?

Why does science come so late? Jaki seems to argue that it is not enough that a few outstanding persons have monotheistic beliefs, but that monotheism must have deeply permeated a culture. This did not occur until the High Middle Ages. That claim makes some sense. Pervasive social forces do shape intellectual creativity. In another study of science in a cultural context, Susantha Goonatilake (*Aborted Discovery: Science and Creativity in the Third World*, 1984) argues that Indian science has never amounted to much because of the legacy of colonialism and a subservient mentality.

But perhaps there are other logical and historical ingredients. Neither Hebrew monotheism nor early Christianity produced science until they blended with a Greek philosophical emphasis on rationality, which in turn blended with something the Romans contributed (an operational emphasis on technology?); out of that mix science arose. Some of the sources Jaki cites may be surprising, for example, that the Hindu-Arabic decimal system was indispensable.

Other provocative studies of science in a social context have produced different conclusions. Lynn White has blamed Christianity for the ecological crisis. Like Jaki, White connects science, monotheism, and the Genesis charge that humans should have dominion over nature. However, given the several thousand years between Genesis and the present, one could conceive of other roots of this crisis: democracy, industrialization, urbanization, capitalism, secularism. Max Weber connected Protestantism with the rise of capitalism, and others have connected Protestantism with science.

Arguments of this kind are hard to evaluate. Seeing trends in history requires detecting a gestalt, tracing the contributions of many factors. To use Jaki's own metaphor, *roads* — certainly not those of the sixteenth to nineteenth centuries — seldom travel over straight logical lines ("a single intellectual avenue"), although there are reasons why they weave this way and that.

The logical connections between science and religion have sometimes been wayward. Leaving physics, Jaki's field of concentration, belief in a Creator may have launched early biology, but it can hardly be said that monotheism *continued* to inspire biology. Darwin's faith was steadily eroded by his discoveries. His monotheism did not assure him of the intelligibility of a contingently discoverable nature, resulting in a biology that confirmed his belief. To the contrary, the trouble was that his biology made the world look less and less intelligible, more ungodly, absurd, a place of random drift, an accident, and too full of suffering.

Jaki chastises Darwin for his lack of faith. That is why his biology went awry, Jaki says. "Enthrallment by blind forces can produce blindness, which increasingly plagued the six editions of the *Origin*" (*Road of Science and the Ways to God*). But should we not admire Darwin because he honestly faced the difficulties his science was presenting to his belief? Perhaps we want today to interact with Darwinism honestly and critically, trying, if we believe in a Creator, to put a different face on the randomness, seeing it as a veil of creativity or noticing that it is really an admission of the inadequacies of evolutionary theory. Can religion address the question of redemptive suffering in ways that biology cannot?

Jaki possesses an encyclopedic command of the history of science, and is everywhere readable and stimulating. He sees, correctly, a major intellectual connection in history. But, for all his brilliance, Jaki does not lack his critics. He writes with a polemical, anecdotal style, sometimes incisive in detail, sometimes also distracting, sometimes seeing what is there, sometimes seeing what is not. He can attack persons as swiftly as their arguments. Jaki believes that successful scientists must have an appropriate blend of faith in the Creator and the intelligibility of creation, and one might expect Jaki to find many figures to praise. But he pits himself against almost every scientist and interpreter of science, past and present, often with caustic denunciation. He cannot seem to handle them sympathetically as persons caught up in a genuine struggle to make sense of the staggering — if also rational — world science uncovers.

According to Jaki, Christian faith especially, and no other faith — certainly no non-monotheistic faith — produced natural science. Did it happen that way by sheer unfolding of logic?

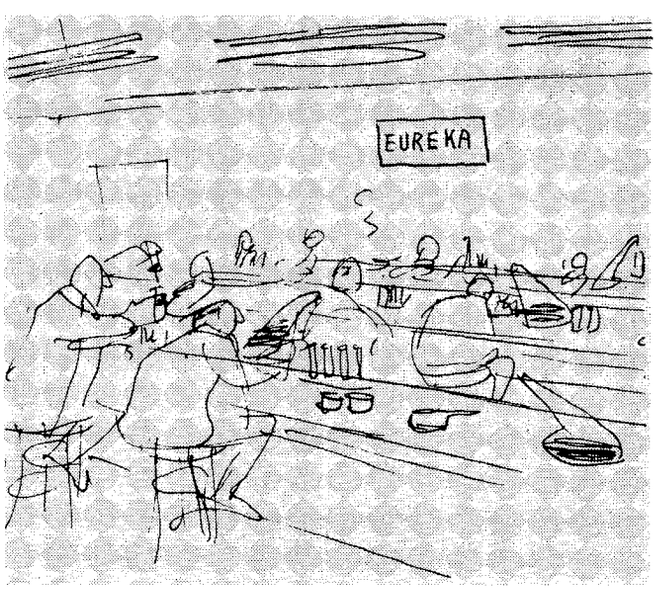
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Are the two forever entwined? What are the relations between the once-upon-a-time context of discovery and the present context of justification?

Belief in God (G) implies, in part at least, the sort of nature (N) that natural science has looked for and found. If G, then N. Belief in God has sometimes generated the natural science (NS) that has arisen under such conviction. If G, then NS. This is Jaki's schema. But is this a logical necessity, or a probability, or a possibility? Then, once we have gained natural science, does natural science or the nature it discovers imply God? If N, then G? If NS, then G? Or is this too a probability or a possibility? Is there a historical and constant conjunction between monotheism and successful science, i.e., G and NS?

Jaki's deeper agenda is really the stronger connection — any scientist who succeeds in a moderately realistic description of nature ought, by logic, to profess faith in a personal Creator. "He who says cosmos must say Creator in the traditional sense" (*Cosmos and Creator*). God is the only adequate hypothesis for the rational, contingent nature around us and for the natural science with which human minds have discovered such a nature. Iff (if and only if) G, then N. Iff G, then NS. Iff N, then G. Iff NS, then G.

Sometimes Jaki's corroborating evidence can be impressive. In discussions of the "anthropic cosmological principle" (discovering fine-tuned arrangements in the origin and structure of the universe), theism can seem as economical as any other competing theory. The order and novelty in the world are evidence for God vs. other theories, for example, a serial ensemble of universes, or many simultaneous worlds, some at random with characteristics for life. But the evidence is not always impressive. It is difficult to find any contemporary theorist in evolutionary biology at ease with monotheism, much less inspired by it. For those who demand a complete explanation of how more evolves out of less over evolutionary time, evolutionary theism is as logical as any other option. But



those who demur do so not necessarily because they "have never experienced what it means to look at the world as the product of a personal, rational Creator" (*Road of Science and the Ways to God*). Darwin experienced the worldview Jaki described and subsequently lost his faith. The problem is the mixed evidence.

The history of science takes narrative form. What Jaki really does is tell the story of the rise of science within a Christian culture. Jaki tries to show that governing this history is a logic much like that which governs science. But the story of science is not an implication from premises, any more than the detailed events of evolutionary history follow by implication from evolutionary theory and initial conditions on a primeval earth. Nor is it a single story, though Jaki does detect a principal component in the plot.

Developing systems of ideas (like Jaki's notion of monotheism unfolding into science) are not implied by their precedents in the same way that results are implied by their causes, or premises imply conclusions. The implication is neither deductive nor inductive. Rather, there is an unfolding of many stories, variously and partially integrated into one story that makes sense in terms of creative development. In this, actors sometimes fail or lose their way, whether theologians, philosophers, or scientists. Science unfolds, but theology does not remain a constant while science grows beneath its aegis; monotheism radically transforms that very doctrine of creation that was the inspiration of science.

Launched by monotheism — perhaps only monotheism could have launched it — science develops an integrity of its own that bears a complex relationship to the continuing parental monotheism. What made science work once came from outside science, but this may no longer be true. If a Creator gave rational intelligibility to the created world, that integrity will to some extent stand on its own; the symmetry and elegance of the thirty-two crystal classes will be there independently of whether one tracks the source to God. If the world is rationally intelligible, a culture only needs faith to suggest that search; afterward the search is self-perpetuating qua science, though perhaps not metaphysically complete without inquiry into the grounds of this rationality.

Science and religion are complementary and dialectical. Whatever their histories, neither is logically dependent on the other; and yet neither, despite the integrity of each, is complete without the other. Science discovers intelligible causes, but limps at discovering meanings; religion discovers intelligible meanings, but defers to science about causes. Both are theory-laden enterprises that need ever and critically to review their driving assumptions. As comprehensive world views, monotheism with science is superior to monotheism without it; science with monotheism is superior to science without it. But the complementarity of the two is a *grander* claim than Jaki's claim that science is impossible without monotheism. The joining of the two will continue to be quite an adventure — both a logical inquiry and a journey of humans through this world they inhabit.

The cosmos cries for a Creator? Though not true in any hard

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

logical sense, neither does the cosmos give any other compelling ground; it has no necessary existence. Nature too has its history, quite as much as does the Western science that, late in history, discovers natural history. In the search for an explanation, the singularity of the world — singular both in its unity and in its unique, plural particulars—permits, encourages, but does not demand belief in a transcendent Ground. We can only invite faith, detecting a telling Presence in a likely story. Perhaps this is all that monotheists want or need — room for intelligent faith. Meanwhile, as Jaki takes his award, monotheists — joined by many others — will rejoice at so noble an example of faith in search of understanding.

LETTERS FROM 'THE KINGDOM OF NIGHT'

THE LEGACY OF ETTY HILLESUM

LAWRENCE S. CUNNINGHAM

I remember certain movie advertisements announcing that no patron would be seated during the last half hour of a showing. The purpose of that gimmick was to indicate that the ending was so clever or so unexpected that the viewer had to see the film from the beginning in order to enjoy its full impact. Readers of detective fiction expect the same kind of effect. To peek at the final chapter to discover that the butler, in fact, had done it, would spoil the reading of the book; indeed, it would make it redundant.

The surprise ending is a staple in literature and film but there is another genre of literature in which the reader knows from the opening paragraph how things will turn out. As the classic Greek dramatists understood, this can be an excruciating situation for the viewer/reader. Every person knew the awful fate of Oedipus. The power of Sophocles's drama came from the reaction of the viewer who watched, in helpless horror, as the king asked questions, made statements, assayed certain strategies which were all bringing him, with inexorable force, to an inevitably tragic end. Part of the power of such experiences comes from our tendency to say, as we watch events unfold, "Don't say that; don't do that." But what we say is fruitless because we already know what will happen and, once again, Oedipus is blinded and Desdemona is dead.

It was that latter sensation I experienced while reading Etty Hillesum's diary, *An Interrupted Life*. The jacket blurb told me that these were the writings of a young Dutch Jewish woman penned between 1941 and 1943. She was a Dutch Jew (Anne Frank in her Amsterdam garret; the German nun Edith Stein in the Dutch Carmel at Echt). She was young and the diaries end in 1943. Did one need to peek at the italicized postscript of the book to know that she disappeared in a swirl of Zyklon B gas on November 30, 1943?

The sense of tragic inevitability triggered by the scant information on the jacket (I was reading the Washington Square paperback of the diaries published in 1985) took on terrible specificity while reading the earlier entries of the book. Wildly in love with a crackpot therapist (who did Jungian-inspired palm readings!) nearly thirty years her senior, she goes to the Jewish council to see if she could follow him to Poland were she to marry him and he were to be deported. Did she know the final (I underscore *final*) destination of those Jews who were being sent East? Poland. In retrospect, we can specify the end of the journey more exactly: the town of Osweicim, known more familiarly by its German name of Auschwitz. Indecision about which books to pack for her trip to the East or what shoes

LAWRENCE S. CUNNINGHAM *is professor of religion at the Florida State University, Tallahassee.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to take (remember those piles of shoes in the old newsreels of the liberated camps?) can make one weep.

She had some inkling that more than deportation was involved. In Holland itself the noose was slowly constricting around the necks of the Jews. Pathways in the parks were forbidden to them; their bicycles were confiscated; they could not patronize the greengrocers of the city; the yellow star was obligatory; they were forbidden to ride the trams of the city; they were obliged to be off the streets by eight in the evening; directions for compulsory registration for deportation were in force; a Jewish bank handled (we presume with exemplary efficiency) the sequestration of their financial holdings; the BBC broadcasts spoke of the deaths of hundreds of thousands of Jews in the East. In conversation with her friends she says that children will be taught about yellow stars and ghettos and terror at school and "it will make their hair stand on end."

Like the crazed woman of Elie Wiesel's *Night* she also had prophetic visions brought about by the suffering and deprivation: "I often see visions of poisonous green smoke; I am with the hungry, with the ill treated, and the dying every day." Nonetheless, and this is the source of her diary's power, she immediately adds: "I am also with the jasmine and with that piece of sky beyond my window; there is room for everything in a single life." And, as if to insist on the point, she then adds: "For belief in God and for a miserable end."

"For belief in God" was not a conventional term for Etty Hillesum. The most extraordinary revelation in this diary is the interweaving of Etty's frank erotic drives and her parallel search for what can only be called an authentic spiritual life. She was twenty-seven when she began these diaries and had already a full love life; she lived with one man and carried on a physical affair with the aforementioned therapist/lecturer. She wonders, without remorse, at the demands of her body, her erotic phantasies, her desire for closeness. She does not see them as "sin." At the same time, she finds time to read the Bible each day (she mentions a careful reading — a kind of *lectio divina* — of both Saint Matthew and the Psalter), she feels driven to prayer, and a half-articulated desire for the ascetic life. When she writes out the content of her prayers, the diary reveals a person free of sentimental cant. What is more compelling is her basic sense of the reality of God and the possibility of being "located" within that transcendent reality.

From where did these ideas come? Her father, a provincial college teacher, was not devout. Seen through Etty's eyes, her mother is almost a stereotypical *yenta*. The family was a cultured one. Her brother Mischa was a piano prodigy; Jaap, the youngest brother, a skilled scientist and doctor. Etty's parents and Mischa died in the camps; Jaap did not survive repatriation to Holland when the death camps were liberated. Etty's background breathes *kultur* with scant echoes of the Christian piety of her native Deventer or close ties with the life of the synagogue. As her editor notes, her religious life was pretty much self-constructed.

One cannot read Etty Hillesum without thinking of another Jewish intellectual: Simone Weil. Both were intellectuals; Weil an accomplished student of philosophy (she finished ahead of Simone de Beauvoir at the Ecole); Hillesum, a student of Slavic languages who read Pushkin and Dostoevsky in Russian and her favorite, Rilke, in German. Both were interested in the ascetic life (although Hillesum pales in comparison with Weil in this regard), and both found God as if by grace: something forced them to their knees. It happened to Simone Weil in the chapel of the Portiuncula in Assisi in 1937; Etty Hillesum prayed on a rough coconut matting rug in her bathroom. The remembrance of that rough texture would be like a talisman for her when she wrote later of her prayer experiences. Finally, both died in the latter half of 1943; Weil in a nursing home in Kent (England) of pulmonary problems exacerbated by her fastings (in solidarity with her compatriots in occupied Europe, she said) while Etty disappeared into what Wiesel has called "The Kingdom of the Night."

Simone Weil and Etty Hillesum were victims of a common destiny; they were spiritual soulmates; but it is hard to think of two more dissimilar personalities. Weil's spiritual vision was so fiercely unremitting and so demanding as to give the ordinary person reason for pause. It is easy to admire Simone Weil for the great soul that she was; few, one suspects, would care to emulate her life or pray to be granted her virtues. By contrast, Etty loved good food, the intimacy which springs from hot cups of coffee and intense conversation, the beauties of nature, and the mysteries of love. Etty, in short, is much closer in spirit to many serious young persons who combine brilliance and spiritual depth with a zest for life. One could be reasonably sure of meeting an Etty in this life while a Simone Weil (like a Pascal or a Kierkegaard) is a rare grace in culture and one not easily approached.

Etty Hillesum's spiritual life had a direct simplicity to it: there was a God with whom one could communicate even when the communication seemed to be one-way. Prayer welled up from a deep need but it was not a compulsive sort of pleading. There is nothing dark or apophatic about her relationship to God. Nor was God some stark alternative to the ugliness of life around her. Quite the contrary. Her prayer was intimate and closely linked with a basic sense of thankfulness that is almost Franciscan in its tenor. Late one Saturday evening she catalogues some of the indignities of the Jewish laws but is quick to add, "I find life beautiful and I feel free. The sky within me is as wide as the one stretching above my head. I believe in God and I believe in man and I say so without embarrassment." In another place she resolves to pray for a German soldier who had shown kindness to a friend as she was getting on a train for deportation. That act of kindness personalized a force which she saw as abstract and which she vowed not to hate because of the fruitless loss of energy in such reactions.

Such statements could sound pollyannish if there was not a persistent current of prophetic foreboding in these pages. From

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

her relative (and temporary) safety she wonders in horror at a "world sown with a million corpses and in twenty-seven years I have never seen a single one." Her own writing was conceived to be a testament to outlast her; a witness to what she and her family and friends had lived through. She was not sure how everything would end but she knew in her bones that what was happening was a unique calamity in the history of things. In a striking passage, set down shortly before she was to be sent to a transit camp, she writes how she wants her slender pen to be a hammer and her words hammer strokes "with which to beat out the story of our fate and of a piece of history as it is and *never was before*" [my emphasis]. She ends that entry with the conviction that a few people must survive in order to be chroniclers of this peculiar age.

The letters she wrote in the last months of her life in Holland anticipate by decades the questions and accusations of those who can now look with historical hindsight at those awful days. Why did not the Allies bomb the trainlines to Germany to stop the transports? What demonic turn of events made it necessary for a small group of Jews to determine and facilitate the deportation of the Jewish people (the so-called *Judenrat* question)? Where were the voices of protest? How did apparently cultured people (the commander of the transit camp was one of those seemingly common Nazi lovers of music and children) turn into moral monsters? The most poignant question of all was posed to Etty by a misshapen old Jewish woman who asked her with apparent sincerity if Etty thought God would forgive her doubts given the horrible times in which they lived.

Etty Hillesum's desire to be a chronicler was an authentic one. In 1942 she voluntarily went to the internment camp at Westerbork (her letters from there have recently been published: *Letters from Westerbork* [Pantheon, 1986]) to serve those who were under arrest. She left careful plans for the survival of her diaries and letters so that future generations would be able to read her testimony. While at Westerbork she was able, because of her work with the Jewish Council, to travel back and forth to Amsterdam. This ended on September 8, 1943 when the entire family was "transported." From the train window she threw out a postcard which was mailed by a Dutch peasant; it said that they had left the camp "singing." On November 30 she died at Auschwitz.

Some months before her death, Etty was speaking to an old friend who was a Communist activist: "a dogged old class fighter," as she describes him in her diary. She told him of her conviction that one had an obligation to turn inward and destroy every impulse in us that we hate in others. Every atom of hate unleashed on the world made it all the more inhospitable and less livable. Her friend sputtered in reply that attitude "is nothing but Christianity." To which she replied, "Yes, Christianity, and why not?" As far as I can determine that is the closest she came to Christianity in any formal way. She lived and died a Jew but her insights into Jesus and the entire prophetic tradition are profound and clear. I judge Etty Hillesum not only to be a luminous witness to those terrible years but an authentic voice of the spiritual life.

SCREEN

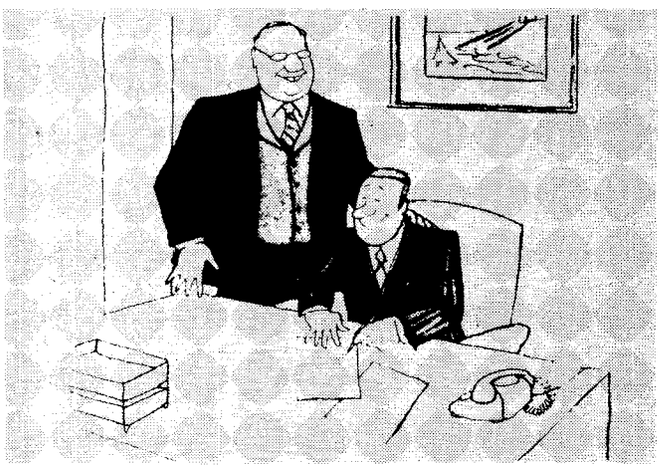
LOST OPPORTUNITIES

'SECRET,' 'LULU,' & 'GARDENS'

According to a friend (actually my wife), every once and a while it is refreshing to see a movie that flat out insults your intelligence. There are many candidates for the role these days, not the least *The Secret of My Success*. Despite the presence of appealing Michael Fox (from *Back to the Future*), the film is an exercise in imbecility, a grotesque version of a bad movie for pseudo-intelligent adolescent males. To boot, it flubs an opportunity to say something insightful about youth and its present passion for success in an amoral business environment.

Businessmen have rightly complained about their media stereotypes. Most executives are honest and hardworking; many despise corporate raiders and insider traders precisely because such parasitism offends their concept of self-generated work and real productivity. I only wish that more of these executives realized how much many people of *other* classes, races, and sexes want (and deserve) to make money the old-fashioned way.

The makers of *The Secret of My Success* had a chance to represent this view of hard work when Fox, an earnest Kansan, tries to make it in Manhattan; pushes himself into a distant relative's firm; and is outraged by its waste, inefficiency, and sycophancy. Fox wants a break, not nepotism, and, despite a college degree, accepts a tough job in the mail room. But when the firm becomes the target of a hostile takeover, he adopts an executive's identity and passes himself off as one of the many faceless vice-presidents. As the others mouth corporate wis-



"I have to compliment you, Rogerson. With hardly any power to speak of, you've become damned near the most corrupt person here."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dom about firing whole divisions of workers to save money, Fox argues for expansion, driving stock prices up, and saving jobs.

Could such a productive and ethical vision of the corporation, almost out of *The Search for Excellence*, have been accommodated to the comic plot? As a matter of fact, yes. In bygone days comedy served morals: cf. Shakespeare; hell, cf. *A Night at the Opera*. But *The Secret of My Success* eschews comedy for unfocused vulgarity. Executives are all jerks or robots; Fox's productive vision is forgotten midway through the film, as the filmmakers drop his expansion plans from the screenplay. The movie thereafter waffles incoherently between clichéd satire on business and worship of the crudest materialistic success.

The awestruck tone, at first apt for the kid-from-Kansas motif, becomes annoying as the camera repetitively treats heavy post-modernist skyscrapers as sacred temples. Phallic jokes are also repeated, and the songs are awful as well as sexually suggestive. The film provides a few moments of fun when Fox has to race from mailroom to boardroom to maintain the secret of his double identity. A very small dividend.

Forever Lulu is not stupid but at times downright silly. Written and directed by Amos Kollek, brother of the mayor of Jerusalem, the film is a modern mock *Perils of Pauline* that amuses but also pushes dry humor to the point of disappearance. Kollek also made *Goodbye New York*, the droll comedy where the sublimely ditzy Julie Hagerty happens into misadventures on a kibbutz. In *Forever Lulu*, Kollek employs the dreamy Hanna Schygulla in a similar comedy of error and terror on New York's Lower East Side.

Lulu suffers from too much straining for complicated effect. Kollek begins the film with a series of typical disasters that drive Schygulla, a starving would-be novelist, to near-suicide: she is burglarized, fired, threatened with eviction, and then conned by a man faking blindness who robs her coat. In scene after scene, Kollek's style winks at us: he presents the banality of these disasters as one more aspect of the drabness of his heroine's life, especially through filmsy references to other movies. His technique implies, "I know that you know that I know that you've seen this scene before, but that's the joke." Aside from the imitative fallacy, the strategy suffers from long-windedness. Kollek's early scenes could be twice as funny half as long.

Kollek plays with stereotypes like a child in a toyshop. Besides the setting (the same as in *After Hours* and *Desperately Seeking Susan*), the plot of *Forever Lulu* also shamelessly employs stock elements. At the end of her rope, Schygulla waves a gun at her head; in confusion, a passing couple think she is mugging them, and fork over money and furs. Of course, the man turns out to be a drug kingpin, with whom Schygulla naively gets involved in new adventures (always bagging more money). Up from bohemianism, she attains celebrity and even savors the ultimate triumph, an interview with Dr. Ruth.

LOYOLA MARYMOUNT UNIVERSITY

The 1987 Summer Symposium at Loyola Marymount University

An ideal way to refurbish yourself in a comfortable and relaxed setting. A Jesuit university in southern California overlooking the Pacific with easy access to the ocean and airport.

One- and two-week courses and institutes: June 15-July 26, 1987

A Rediscovery of Life
Anthony de Mello, S.J.

The Bible and Liberation
Patrick Arnold, S.J.

Anthropological Development in Biblical Thought
William Fulco, S.J.

Christ in the Gospel of John
Michael McGrath

Sacramentality and Sacraments
George McCauley, S.J.

Youth and Young Adult Ministry: Praxis
Zeni Fox

The Roots of the Catholic Tradition
Thomas Rausch, S.J.

The Disabled Person: Ministered to, Minister, or Both?
Phyllis Supancheck, SCRH

Religious/Popular Education in North America - Institute
Paulo Freire

The Parish Liturgy Documents
Thomas Simons

The Bible in the Church today
Paul Decker, S.J.

Pastoral and Spiritual Ministry with Adolescents
Charles Shelton, S.J.

Sexuality, Marriage, Family
Lisa Sowle Cahill

Inigo: A Pilgrim's Process
William Hewett, S.J.

Trends Toward Catholicity in Catholic Ethics
Roderick Hindery

Scripture and Myth
William O'Malley, S.J.

Christ through the Ages
Joseph Powers, S.J.

Real People in the Contemporary Church
Sandy Lauzon

Changing Roles in Ministry: Preparing Better for the 1990's - Institute

Music in Ritual and Worship: Cross-Cultural Perspective
Linda O'Brien-Rothe

Women in History: Ministers and Mystics
Marie Anne Mayeski

Let Us Celebrate Together
Liturgy Institute

Adolescent Catechesis
John Roberto

Contemporary Approaches to Religious Education
Patricia Moran, RSM

Western U.S. Training Conference on the Implementation of the Economic Pastoral Letter
Robert Bellah, David Hollenbach, S.J.
Peter Henriot, S.J.

For additional information:

Paul W. Decker, S.J.
Loyola Marymount University,
Campus Box 475,
Los Angeles, CA, 90045
(213) 642-2799

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Yet Kollek redeems this arch satire with several personal touches. Like director Sydney Pollack appearing as Dustin Hoffman's agent in *Tootsie*, Kollek himself appears early in the film as Schygulla's literary agent, and tells her to stop writing serious novels and turn to trash. In effect, she is his alter ego; the film is Kollek's own comment on the trash one must make in order to succeed in contemporary movies. Like Woody Allen and his many would-be women artists, Kollek also depicts the search of incorrigible romantics for self-victimization and the many chances for martyrdom that the religion of art provides.

Schygulla ably carries the burden of her complex role. Never mind our disbelief that someone so beautiful could not get easy work modeling. Her comic timing is delicious, especially when she hesitates before uttering to an ex-lover, in her educated German accent, the ultimate cliché, "Take a hike, babe, you're history." When some drug thugs capture her later, Kollek can't resist having them echo the phrase. The original use of the phrase and the straining for irony in its repetition sum up both the merits and faults of this uneven film.

Gardens of Stone is the poetic title of Francis Ford Coppola's study of the "old guard" that handles military burials in Arlington National Cemetery. The soldiers call the cemetery "the garden," and, at the height of the war in Vietnam, are busy "planting." They are also bursting with angry feelings about the war, with some fresh-faced recruits eager to "get over to the front line," and two grizzled sergeants (James Caan and James Earl Jones) insisting "there isn't any."

Caan is especially protective of one new face (D. B. Sweeney), who like the hero in *Platoon* has an idealistic passion to go to Vietnam and share the burden of what he believes to be a just war. Like *Platoon*, *Gardens of Stone* is an elegy for such idealism. Better still, Caan's involvement with a reporter from the *Washington Post* (Angelica Huston) at first promises to make *Gardens of Stone* a *Platoon* for the home front.

But it isn't. Although the film has some fine moments, it never has the sureness of touch and tone that one hopes for from Coppola; perhaps *The Godfather* spoiled us. The only thing his new film shares with *Platoon* is the awkward voice-over letter-writing device to tell us the hero's true feelings. Despite Sweeney's fine acting (softer and more difficult than the roles of the stars around him), many scenes in *Gardens of Stone* feel flat, weakened by a rushed, sometimes obscure narrative style. Coppola rarely establishes the rhythm needed to blend his stories into one.

To cite one example, Sweeney meets Huston, and naively mentions how he disagrees with Caan about Vietnam. Huston says that she does too, adding, "He thinks it's a mistake in judgment to fight there; I think it's genocide." But the comment, opening up the chance to study *three* separate judgments on the war (which still coexist to this day), never builds to anything; Coppola doesn't even register Sweeney's reaction. He also flubs a poor scene at an outdoor reception (reminiscent of the opening of *The Godfather*) where Caan punches out a cartoon version of an obnoxious antiwar activist (played by rock promoter Bill Graham).

The film catches the look of the 1960s, especially in its interiors and the affectingly awkward miniskirts of Sweeney's girlfriend (Mary Stuart Masterson). More awkward is the way Coppola dissipates the power of her ultimate grief by anti-climactic, vapid scenes focusing on Huston and Caan at exactly the wrong moment. The film has depth when it stays with the young, its sacrificial lambs. One wonders how a director of Coppola's experience could muff something so obvious.

TOM O'BRIEN

STAGE

BRINGING THE LIGHT

'FENCES' & 'THE COLORED MUSEUM'

At the end of August Wilson's *Fences*, the Maxsons gather for the funeral of Troy, who has dominated the family and the play. His "mixed-up" brother Gabe, who had "half his head blown away" in World War II and who believes that he has been to heaven, unlimbers the trumpet he always carries "to tell St. Peter to open the gates." There is no mouthpiece, no trumpet blast. After three increasingly desperate tries, Gabe howls in anguish and frustration. Light pours across the scene. "That's the way that go!" he says, smiling his satisfaction.

That's not really the way that go, meaning the play as a whole, but the effectiveness of the final scene is a reminder that Wilson stretches the limits of the realistic form his play takes (as he mixed songs and dramatic scenes in *Ma Rainey's Black Bottom*) and that the verisimilitude of his language cannot disguise the lyric qualities in his work. For the most part, *Fences* is a family play in an old American tradition — *Awake and Sing!*, *Death of a Salesman*, *A Raisin in the Sun* — in which the conflicts within the family are given definition by the social forces outside. Set in "a Northern American industrial city" (i.e., Wilson's Pittsburgh) in 1957, it uses the metaphor of the fence which Troy builds around his backyard as title to a play about the fences between husband and wife, father and son, black and white.

Troy Maxson is a black man in his early fifties, at once an authority figure and a garrulous, playful nice guy. James Earl Jones, in one of his best roles, joins the playwright in making Troy both attractive and threatening. Although he has the strength to buck the system, to get himself promoted from garbageman to driver, he sees the world in terms of his own

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

past. He has become a variation on the tyrant father he ran away to escape. He has come to believe that a black man's only choice is between jail, where he spent some youthful years, and a steady job; he cannot see that there might be other possibilities in the 1950s, roads that were not open thirty years earlier.

A central prop in *Fences* is the baseball that hangs on a rope from the tree in the yard. Troy's device for batting practice, it is a constant reminder for him and for us of his greatest triumph and his greatest disappointment. Having learned to play baseball in prison, he went on to become a star in the Negro League but, despite his talent, the color line kept him out of the majors. Whether out of jealousy or to protect the young man, Troy refuses to sign the papers that would let his son go to college on a football scholarship, a destructive act that leads to a final confrontation between the two and a reenactment of the father-son conflict that sent Troy off on his own. He uses his sense of ownership and control (my house, my yard) not only to stifle his son's ambitions but to misuse his brother, whose disability payments bought the house, and his wife, whom he loves but to whom he brings the child of another woman. Sitting in the audience, one could sense who was on what side of which fence by the applause that accompanied the son's defiance and the wife's revolt, her acceptance of the child and rejection of Troy as husband. Troy fills the last scene even in his absence, and when his son, now a sergeant in the Marines, joins his half-sister in singing Troy's song about Blue that "good old dog," acceptance of and forgiveness for what Troy and his world had made of him prepare the way for Gabe's bringing the light. What remains is Troy's strength, his sense of duty, and his odd vulnerability. "That's the way that go!"

George C. Wolfe is a black playwright working theatrical ground very different from that of August Wilson; in fact, what Wolfe does to and with *A Raisin in the Sun* in *The Colored Museum* suggests that *Fences* might be fair game for Wolfe's wit. Yet "The Last Mama-on-the-couch Play" has less to say about Lorraine Hansberry's kind of play than it does about black performers' (or perhaps black characters') upstaging one another for audience attention. The somewhat leaden libretto that Wolfe provided for last summer's reworking of Duke Ellington's opera *Queenie Pie* was hardly preparation for the invention, the irreverence, the verbal ingenuity of *The Colored Museum*. A revue in which the sketches are designed to comment on the perception of and by blacks today, *Museum* is often outrageous but essentially serious in its jokes. In "The Photo Session" two black models explain that they escaped "the contradictions of our existence...gave away our life and we now live inside *Ebony Magazine*"; despite the glamour and the sophistication, they are a black updating of Aunt Jemima and the chef on the Cream of Wheat box. As "Last Mama" indicates, Wolfe's sketches can become diffuse, the point dissolving among too many targets. At his best, however, he is one of the most intriguing playwrights around. Best here — for me, at least — are "Git on Board" in which Danitra Vance as the stewardess on Celebrity Slaveship uses a relentlessly chirpy voice to guide the audience through black history; and "Permutations" in which a little girl (Vance, again) sits with a giant egg between her legs, certain that "any day now, this shell's gonna crack and my babies are gonna fly." The latter is the neatest image I have seen of the persistence of hope against all odds.

Both *Fences*, which won the Pulitzer, and *The Colored Museum* are available to playgoers, but the most ambitious and most disappointing of this season's black plays has already come and gone. Wole Soyinka, the Nobel laureate, is one of the finest contemporary playwrights and *Death and the King's Horseman* is one of his best plays. Yet the production of *Death* at Lincoln Center, directed by Soyinka, never approached the quality of the script. The marvelous first act needs a performer in the leading role who can both move like a dancer and articulate complex verse lines. Earle Hyman, always rigid of carriage, made a stick of Elesin and his voice, usually his strength as an actor, failed him, as though his lack of physicality had invaded the rhythm of the lines. The second act worked better than the first but as a clash-of-cultures drama which, as Soyinka rightly pointed out in an accompanying note, is not what the play is really about. Soyinka's work is seen so infrequently in this country that it is a shame that *Death and the King's Horseman* should appear in a production likely to convince anyone but the converted that his work is too special for American audiences.

GERALD WEALES

John Fandel

Memorial Days

I pass by three wars
remembered in bronze, stone, trees,
as I go where I go:

gingerbread granite tiers
Civil War infantries
outdated bombs ago;

a putteed doughboy bears
a bayonet, effigies
in khaki bronze — Forgo

war sculpture: look on trees
planted for dead GI's,
flowering all in a row . . .

What a wood, if these
were the men they stand in for!
How gently their blossoms go.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EYES THAT DO NOT SLEEP AT DAWN

ROSEMARY DEEN

Any moment now Josephine Jacobsen's seventh volume of poems will be out: *New and Selected Poems and The Sisters*, (South Carolina: The Bench Press, 1987). Her first book, *Let Each Man Remember*, appeared in 1940, so this makes her forty-seventh year as a public poet. She has just returned from a gathering of the Poetry Consultants to the Library of Congress, a position she held from 1971 to 1973. She has done her stint of work for the Literature Panel of the National Endowment for the Arts, and co-authored two volumes of criticism. She is a distinguished reviewer of poetry, identifying the ways of the poet with an intelligent and savory discrimination. She has been in an old-fashioned sense, a woman of letters, a friend, colleague, and encourager of poets.

She has had a long association with *Commonweal*, sending us poems, reviews, and an occasional article. Her first poem for us was published in 1958 and for it she received $7.50; her most recent poem for us earned $10. If you have stock in poetry, it's good to know that the price of poems remains steady. My rough addition of the checks sent to her noted in our quaint files says we have paid her over twenty-six years a total of $707.50, if that fact is significant to the archeologist of poetry.

At a time decades ago when "religious" poetry was plentiful, she was recognizable as a Catholic poet, and now in leaner times, there is the same proportion of religious imagery in her poems. She is steady. We get in *The Sisters* what we got in *The Animal Inside* (Ohio University, 1967) twenty years ago, very crafty poems, richly-minded.

I want to talk about her images and thematic ideas to introduce new readers to her poems and encourage old readers to give themselves the pleasure of rereading. To make it easy for any reader to plunge in, I offer the sort of list Randall Jarrell used in his poetry essays, a selection of ten poems to show something of her range in her most typically perfect poems. This is a back-against-the-wall choice and may outrage readers who could make up their own list.

Volumes by Jacobsen

The Animal Inside, *Ohio University Press, 1967, 113 pp.* Abbreviated here: AI.

The Shade-Seller, *Doubleday, 1974, 133 pp.* Abbreviated here: SS.

The Chinese Insomniacs, *University of Pennsylvania Press, 1981, 79 pp.* Abbreviated here: CI.

The Sisters, *The Bench Press, 1978.* Abbreviated here: TS.

Josephine Jacobsen, like her contemporaries Auden, Roethke, Elizabeth Bishop, writes "modernist" poems, in which every part builds up a metaphoric or mythic whole. Language and myth in these poems *implicate*: their parts imply each other. As you read it, the poem seems to unfold. The ending articulates the beginning, so endings are subtle and satisfying. A surprise seems to "solve" the poems, but the end was there in the beginning, in, say, the metaphor or word-play latent in the radical of a word.

Here are some examples. The insomniac speaker of one of Mrs. Jacobsen's poems anticipates the release dawn will bring her. When the cock crows, "the dark is crazed like a plate" (SS 47). *Crazed* describes the breaking of dark like pottery glaze, implies the plenty of light you need to see such a fine pattern. Psychologically, *crazed* displaces and lightly disarms the insomniac's state of mind. The speaker of "Short Views in Africa" (CI 54) spends the night watching the wild animals through "the blind's/ chink," a nice predicament. A *chink* is a good vantage and a good focus, but *blind* rather cancels the advantage. The swimmers in *The Sisters* are trying to stay safe against an "invisible tide." But the poet points out that these tides have "come from over the bones of boys,/ of girls gone down...." So when from these waters the swimmers emerge "brilliant with drops," the word *drops* has emerged from "gone *down*," and the swimmers "rise" in an imagined or humanized "resurrection," though that's the reader's word, not the poet's.

Myth-wise, the modern poem is a kind of *palimpsest*, to use Galway Kinnell's word: an inscription written on a parchment over a barely visible mythic text not quite scraped off. For example, "A Motel in Troy, New York," (CI 64) begins with a shadow falling on cribbage players from their motel window.

> A huge swan
> is looking in: cumulus-cloud body,
> thunder-cloud dirty neck
>
> that hoists the painted face
> coral and black. Inky eyes
> peer at our lives.

The swan is very accurately observed. But the more perceptively humans see animals, the more unnervingly alien they appear. The words *inky* and *painted* seem plainly descriptive, but they are

ROSEMARY DEEN, Commonweal's *poetry editor, is co-author, with Marie Ponsot, of* Beat Not the Poor Desk: Writing, What to Teach, How to Teach it, and Why. *(Boynton/Cook).*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

terms from human culture. They signify writing or print and art, so they set the animal swan a little more apart from us. What is set apart always begins to feel like the sacred. The swan is ordinary, of course, with its "dirty neck."

It stands
squat on its yellow webs

splayed to hold
scarcely up the heavy
feathered dazzle.

The ironic finesse of the writing (from *squat* to *feathered dazzle*) is a wonder and a pleasure, and such poems don't have to mean more than their triumphant writing. But the poem isn't over.

The swan breaks its stare and "waddles rocking" to the pond where it "Sets sail" and in its element is transformed "in one pure motion." It grows distant, and as the poem ends, the swan becomes less self-contained than its natural description implied. The swan is

received by distance
and the shadowy girl
across the water.

What girl? says the ordinary reader who is familiar with — has been through — Troy, New York. Then the faint text under the newer ink of this present poem appears. The momentary puzzle of the ending sends us back to reconsider the "cumulus-cloud...thunder-cloud," sky-god aspect of the swan. "Set sail" now seems suggestive, if *Troy* makes us think of Agamemnon's expedition.

An early twentieth-century poet would have made the swan incandesce into its myth. Yeats's poem names Leda and Agamemnon, though not Zeus, and enacts a vision of a pagan annunciation. But Mrs. Jacobsen's poem isn't simply understating Yeats or Greek myth. What interests her is the way the *humans* see the swan, and the way the swan turns away from our lives so that we can't receive it, as animal or god. The "shadowy girl" is the Leda or vanishing point of our perception. The poem is a human look at something not human, ending in the irony of the absent girl — for without Leda, the swan can't be Zeus. In Yeats's poem the annunciation depends on the god; in Mrs. Jacobsen's poem the existence of the myth depends on the imagined, human girl.

The poem pulls out a whole tissue of Josephine Jacobsen's thematic images. Two especially are remarkable: the Animals and the Watcher or Watchman. Animals to begin with are partly the "animal inside," *anima*, the sensate flesh and bone, the principle of bodily life or body-soul. Mrs. Jacobsen is clearly an incarnationalist. Partly the animal is the wild in its constant but alien relation to the human: "The wild is a way of breathing; a kind of breath" (SS 25). So the animal or the wild is the mind's longing for metaphor or antithetical images of itself. Hummingbirds, working metaphors like all animals to the imagination, teach the Trinity:

requiring three in one — light,
angle, eye, to flower
into their color....
Interference is the cause of iridescence...
its color is structural....(SS 104).

The poem "Bush" (TS 79) describes lions leaving a water hole at dawn. There is no mention of their kill, but a few lines later we see that

the drum of the zebra's body
is lined with red sunrise.

The metaphor skips the "natural" link of the lions and their prey, the zebra, and connects the opened body of the zebra to the rising sun.

Metaphor is the structural equivalent of consciousness and self-consciousness,

A Choice of Poems

"Painter at Xyochtl," from AI, reprinted in SS.
"Yellow," from AI, reprinted in TS.
"The Murmurers," from AI, reprinted in SS.
"An Absence of Slaves," from SS, reprinted in TS.
"The Mexican Peacock," from SS.
"Bush," from SS, reprinted in TS.
"Mr. Mahoney," from CI.
"A Motel in Troy, New York," from CI.
"Food," from CI.
"Distance," from TS.

the Both/Otherness of human perception. The best example is the cave painter of the hunt in the poem "In the Crevice of Time" (SS 33 and TS 91). Looking at his painting he sees:

not shank or horn or hide
but an arrangement of these by
him, and he himself
there with them, watched by himself inside.

Apart, the painter arranged. At the same time he has painted himself, and so he is present, identifying-with, "there with them." And all of it is "watched by himself inside."

In the dialectic of consciousness, absence evokes presence; deserts more than strawberry gardens hum "like wire with absent water" (SS 97). The natural insomniac can't sleep through the dark, but moral or metaphoric insomnia is the power to stay awake and take in the dark. The refusal to accept "distance" is a mode of conscience. The starved child, nothing but "skin, breathing/ wrapped over bones," — when that child is "overseas" — is not on our own doorstep. When we can ignore it because it is distant, then we "feel distance...as a priceless pain-killer/ locate and disconnect, reality." So "Distance is our quack-doctor."

The latest version of this doubleness turns up in the title poem of *The Sisters*. One sister, "B," like a daylight self, is "better adjusted." The other, "A," is both sharp-eyed," and "a great sleeper." She is apt to return to "some spot they've already seen" and talk about it when she gets back. As letters, A and B, they suggest writing and language, or one woman divided into her self-sisterness: "Before bed, A looked at herself in the mirror, using B's eyes."

"Identify what you will not renounce" (TS 10) might be one of Josephine Jacobsen's mottos. In her body of poetry crowded with losses, almost no poem without its image of death, she works harder at identifying than lamenting. The watcher is awake because her brain is working. Writing lets us look at ourselves in its mirror, using the writer's eyes. We are grateful we've had Josephine Jacobsen's steady eyes for so long.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The compass of capricious fate

THE BODY SILENT

Robert F. Murphy

Henry Holt, $17.95, 242 pp.

Robert Jackall

This book records an anthropologist's personal journey into the twilight social world of quadriplegia. Fifteen years ago, the author, then forty-eight and healthy, suffered the first muscle spasms caused by a spinal tumor that by 1986 had reduced his body to an inert mass. The book is simultaneously a history of his personal illness and a report of his own recent anthropological fieldwork among the severely disabled. It is also, as he argues, "an allegory of all life in society."

Bodily paralysis, particularly when it occurs with some suddenness, fundamentally alters one's social relationships. Imagine, for a moment, that one awakens from a fitful sleep transformed, as was Gregor Samsa in Kafka's *The Metamorphosis,* into a great insect, floundering on one's hard-shelled back. Murphy understood the story for the first time, he tells us, one night in the hospital when his nurse left him lying on his back without access to the call bell. Profound dependency on others, even for the most ordinary functions, fuels the ever present human impulse to withdraw into a womb-like isolation, even while one longs for autonomy and wishes to reach out to others not just for help but for companionship.

But companionship with the able-bodied carries its price. Every social encounter between the disabled and the able-bodied harbors the potential for disaster. The severely disabled are "the antiphony of everyday life," social anomalies who represent the inevitable decline of all flesh into entropy. They instill profound fear in the able-bodied because they remind the able-bodied of their futures.

At the same time, the disabled arouse guilt among their intimates, a familiar symptom afflicting lucky survivors. The only way to assuage such fear and guilt, and begin or maintain relationships with the able-bodied, is for the disabled to don masks of stoic cheerfulness. Such symbolic acceptance of misfortune comforts the able-bodied and restores some normalcy to social relationships. It does so precisely by allowing many able-bodied to maintain cherished illusions about the justice evidenced by their good health.

Such interaction damages the psyches of the disabled. Others' fear and guilt first produce shame in the disabled for causing social disruption. Shame is followed by guilt for one's condition, even though, as in Murphy's case, illness is the result of a wholly capricious fate. In the end, almost all disabled persons ask themselves: What have I done to deserve this?

In effect, as Murphy points out, the punishment begets the crime. The disabled ransack their own pasts and their subconsciousnesses to discern some reasons that might make their calamities explicable. For many, particularly those who suffer sexual impairment, the quest, while ultimately fruitless, is profoundly disturbing. Murphy reminds us that Oedipus means "Swollen Foot," a crippling inflicted by his father to help prevent what eventually came to pass.

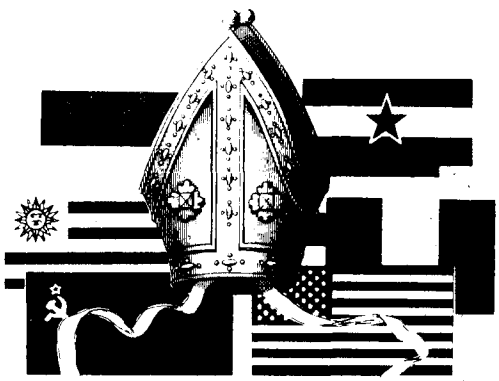
Even while paralytics represent death, their remarkable struggles against their own inertia and against our society's neglect of their plight symbolizes life at its best. Murphy documents the battles of the disabled to break out of their constructed liminal states into full-fledged social and political participation. Each curb that is cut, every wheelchair ramp erected, every kneeling bus on city streets is not only a notable material victory for the disabled, but a tribute to their rage to live, and live fully.

Murphy's own rage to live is evident in still other ways, ways characteristic of a man dedicated to the life of the mind. The book is filled with packed excursions into social theory and substantive issues that show a lifelong habit of careful rumination. With the passionate dispassion that marks the best of his craft, he dissects, while telling his own story, the sociology of the sick role; the conflict between scientific and clinical medicine; the pathologies of Irish Catholic families and the alcoholism they often produce; the structure and meaning of social rituals in both primitive and modern societies; the significance of work itself to social identity; the indissoluble relationship between intellectual work and teaching; the painful joys of long-lived marriages; and the subtle and intricate patterns of social deference and distancing in our society that a person suddenly declassed through physical disability comes to know intimately.

In discussing all of these things, Murphy moves easily and often humorously between his early field experiences with the Mundurucu Indians of Brazil, his recent studies of the disabled, and his ongoing collegial relationships with the denizens of the modern academy. He also treats religious themes and images that, willy-nilly, float in and out of consciousness long after belief is gone. He speaks of the soothing cadence and rhythm of childhood prayers, of bodies broken and pierced on the crosses of modern medicine, and of liturgies whose sacrament is not the breaking of bread but the bursting of the bonds of the flesh so that the mind can soar. And in this book, as in his previous writings, Murphy's mind

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Hanson has produced an enormously comprehensive and impressive synthesis, bringing together information and interpretation on the role of the Church worldwide. . . . Its judiciousness and balance should bring the book wide acceptance. The author's style is wholly nontechnical and readily accessible."
—Bruce M. Russett, Yale University



The Catholic Church in World Politics

Eric O. Hanson
A Catholic Book Club Main Selection

From Warsaw to Washington, from Manila to Managua, the Roman Catholic Church is a highly visible element in today's politics. The Vatican now balances its traditional support for Western values and institutions with a role as outspoken mediator in East-West conflicts, and Pope John Paul II's adroit use of Western secular media has expanded public awareness of the Catholic position on events in the pope's native Poland and on issues of arms control, abortion, and human rights. National Catholic hierarchies, too, have become significant political actors, using such tools as the American bishops' widely publicized pastoral letter on peace.

For all those who are concerned about arms control and Soviet-American relations, the role of religion in politics, and the state of the Roman Catholic Church, Eric Hanson's multifaceted book examines the place of the church in the contemporary international system and the reciprocal influence of modern political and technological developments on the internal affairs of the church.

"This is a first-rate piece of analysis on a topic that has not previously received adequate attention in political science. Hanson has woven a complex narrative sensitive both to the church's inner life and to its external policy."
—J. Bryan Hehir, U.S. Catholic Conference and Georgetown University

$24.95 at your bookstore or

Princeton University Press
41 William Street, Princeton, NJ 08540

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

does soar. One's encounter with the hard intelligence and sheer nerve behind this work make one wonder just who among us are really disabled.

CORNERS OF THE AMERICAN MIND

TALES OF A NEW AMERICA

Robert B. Reich

Times Books, $19.95, 278 pp.

Jack Clark

The coming election marks a "critical choice." How Congress votes on this or that bill will determine the course of American history. On whatever issue you choose, America is at a turning point.

The everyday hyperbole of democratic politics tells us that interest groups and ideologies are battling it out for competing visions of what our society is and should be.

Yet, as Robert Reich reminds us in this ambitious and fascinating book, in our political system, in almost any political system, the areas of agreement overshadow the areas of debate. We share moral assumptions, cultural norms, and a common sense of how the world works — all of which define the problems we consider for debate and how we consider them.

Reich chooses to define this shared sense of the world as a realm of myth and morality tales. He chooses four — The Mob at the Gates, The Triumphant Individual, the Benevolent Community, and the Rot at the Top — and organizes the book around them. Deeply imbedded in our culture, the four myths define the unstated assumptions we share. These tales shape the stories we tell each other, and our understandings of the myths shape the most fundamental questions behind our political debates. Reich argues that both liberals and conservatives have current understandings of the four myths which are not only badly outdated but dangerously dysfunctional. He seeks nothing less than a redefinition of our national myths in ways which make sense in the current world.

In confronting real threats in the world (The Mob at the Gates) or in dealing with the disadvantaged at home (The Benevolent Community), conservatives have favored a tough approach. Liberals have preferred conciliation and generosity. For liberals, the Rot at the Top is the abuse of power by the plundering corporate rich. Conservatives see the Rot at the Top in the stifling hand of government bureaucracy. Neither set of reactions, argues Reich, will suffice.

To this point, Reich's generalization is fair, adequate, and as accurate as such generalizations can be. He goes on to argue, though, that our recent history can be understood as "a series of reactions, first to the failures of conciliation, then to the failures of assertiveness." That would certainly seem to mean that liberals tried and failed to organize a response to our confusing world, were repudiated, and then succeeded by conservatives. The conservatives, in their turn, failed, making way for another failed attempt by liberals.

That's a neat little image of a bad cycle, but it simply doesn't correspond to the reality of recent American politics. The last big liberal surge came in the 1960s. No popular upsurge against an excess of conciliation confounded LBJ or Hubert Humphrey. A military adventure in Indochina, which certainly represented an attempt at assertiveness, did contribute to their undoing. The revulsion against conservatives, on the other hand, has had more to do with scandals and less to do with repudiation of aggressiveness. As Thomas Edsall demonstrated in *The New Politics of Inequality*, the Democrats who gained from this popular revulsion are largely economic conservatives who would fit well into a broader Republican party. In his discussion of the military build-up, Reich acknowledges that by 1978 Jimmy Carter had set out the basic direction Ronald Reagan was to follow with much greater enthusiasm.

Picking this particular nit points toward one of the book's major weaknesses in both conception and style. Reich attempts to express his even-handed dismay at failures of liberals and conservatives alike. Both have been excessive, Reich says repeatedly. Following up on that, Reich falls for a Great American Hustle: The Virtuous New Center. Too much of this, too much of that, we'll come up with something in between and name it new. Gary Hart's inane "New Ideas" campaign in 1984 represented a recent nadir in this con game.

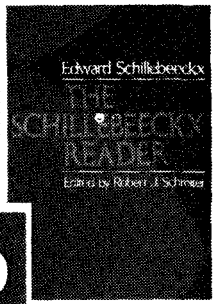
Reich knows better, and his book in its stronger moments presents a much more convincing case. Liberalism *has* failed. That failure reflects not bold excesses but a decay from within. Discussing The Benevolent Community, Reich demonstrates the point powerfully. Liberals in the 1930s viewed the poor as part of a larger community. The poor were like us, were part of us. There, but for the grace of God, go I. Liberals advocated a politics of solidarity with the poor. In the 1980s, liberalism treats the poor as objects of charity, out there, "them" not "us." The difference between charity and solidarity can be measured in the political bases of AFDC vs. Social Security.

Treating the poor as objects of charity is not only politically ineffective, it is irrational, in Reich's view. A large majority of the poor are like us. One in three Americans fell below the poverty line sometime between 1975 and 1985. More fundamentally, Reich reminds us our future prosperity (and not so incidentally, our future Social Security checks) depends on the productivity of those who are now young. In a world economy where brain power will be our competitive edge, we can not afford to lose the potential contributions of poor youngsters.

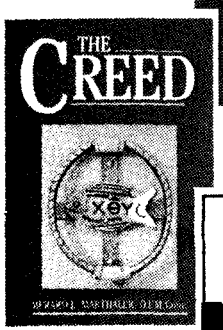
Here, as in his provocative discussions

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

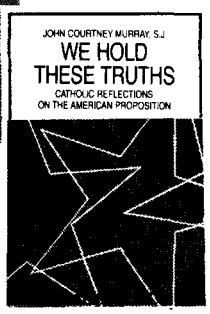
SIGNS OF THE TIMES



$22.50/**$11.25**

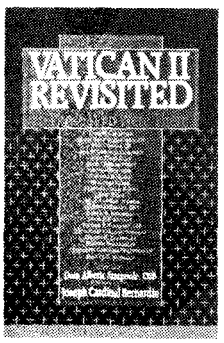


$19.95/**$10.00**



$19.95/**$10.00**

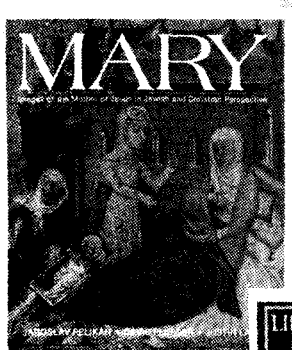
$16.95/**$8.50**



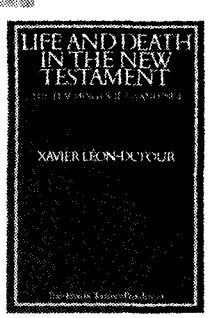
$22.75/**$11.25**

$24.95/**$12.50**

$24.95/**$12.50**



$19.95/**$10.00**



$20.95/**$10.50**

$15.95/**$8.00**

IN TODAY'S CHURCH, reading the signs of the times is absolutely necessary. The Catholic Book Club offers you a chance to get to know today's authors who are helping Catholics read the signs more intelligently.

Choose as many of these titles as you like at 50 percent off the publisher's price. Purchase entitles you to become a member.

There is no obligation to make future purchases. But you will be kept informed about CBC choices coming up!

CATHOLIC BOOK CLUB 106 West 56th Street • New York, NY 10019

Please send me the titles I have checked below.

	NEW MEMBER PRICE
☐ The Schillebeeckx Reader	**$11.25**
☐ The Creed	**10.00**
☐ Dare to Believe	**8.50**
☐ We Hold These Truths	**10.00**
☐ Vatican II Revisited	**11.25**
☐ Clive Staples Lewis: A Dramatic Life	**12.50**
☐ The Oxford Dictionary of Popes	**12.50**
☐ Mary: Images of the Mother of Jesus in Jewish and Christian Perspective	**10.00**
☐ The House of Wisdom	**8.00**
☐ Life and Death in the New Testament	**10.50**

All Purchases For This Special Must Be Prepaid.

Please enroll me as a new member of the Catholic Book Club. I enclose _____ as pre-payment for the titles I have checked at left. I understand that I will receive the Newsletter and selection card monthly and that if I do not wish to receive any month's selection, I need only return the card in the envelop that CBC provides. Thus I can reject any selection before it is mailed.

(Limited quantities available. This offer good till Sept. 1, 1987.)

Name_____

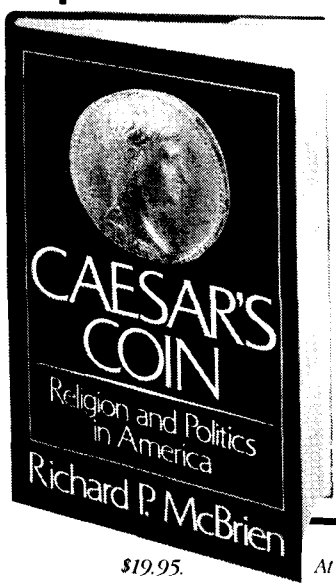
Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

One nation under *whose* God?

Religion and politics. No other issue can be as divisive, as confusing, or so marked by overblown rhetoric and muddled thinking. Now Richard McBrien, one of America's leading theologians and political analysts, goes to the heart of this passionate debate. From abortion and gay rights to school prayer and the new political clout of the clergy, he tackles controversies and gives us a new language for understanding the truths behind the slogans and sermons. *Caesar's Coin* is a primer for a new civility, for the open, authentic dialogue about the role—and limits—of religion in public life.



"Anyone interested in **the fundamental questions of church and state, religion and politics, morality and government**, will welcome [this] intelligent, clear treatment.... His treatment of the abortion debate...is the most comprehensive I've seen."—Mario Cuomo

"...a work of exact, prudent scholarship and impressive erudition, written in lucid, persuasive prose....**thoughtful and excellent...**"—*America*

Caesar's Coin
Religion and Politics in America

Richard P. McBrien

MACMILLAN

$19.95. At bookstores now.

FACING THE CRITICAL ISSUES OF OUR TIMES

BOOKS FROM JOHN KNOX PRESS

DEATH SET TO MUSIC
Masterworks by Bach, Brahmms, Penderecki, Bernstein
Paul S. Minear (1874-9) Cl $14.95
An innovative approach to understanding death through the words of four musical classics. Shows how the texts reflect attitudes and belief. For serious music enthusiastis and those involved in music ministries.

FOUR MODERN PROPHETS
Walter Rauschenbusch,
Martin Luther King, Jr.,
Gustavo Guiterrez,
Rosemary Radford Reuther
William M. Ramsay
(0811-5) Pb $6.95
Highlights the lives and thoughts of 20th century Christian leaders epitomizing the search for freedom and justice. Challenges readers to join in the struggle. Learn from these examples of "living the faith."

DEATH
Confronting the Reality
William E. Phipps
(0487-X) Pb $11.95
A compelling handbook for pastors, counselors, adult discussion groups, and personal reflection. Deals honestly and openly with terminal illness, explaining death to children, nuclear war, handguns, funeral practices, body disposal, life expectancy and quality of life. Fascinating and thought provoking.

HOPE WITHIN HISTORY
Walter Brueggermann
(0918-9) Pb $8.95
A model for faith development that is highly applicable to acutal church experiences. Here, from scriptural study, are ways of overcoming the hoplessness of today's culture and society.

Available from your bookstore, or prepaid (*) from

JOHN KNOX PRESS
A Division of the Presbyterian Publishing House, Inc.
P O Box 54658 Dept 27, Atlanta GA 30308

(*)Check/money order made payable to PRESBYTERIAN PUBLISHING HOUSE. Visa, MC, AMX ($15 minimum), or PPH accounts accepted. Add 10% of total for shipping/handling (minimum $2.00). No CODs, please. GA and VA include sales tax.. Or call toll free 1-800-554-4694 (In GA1-800-822-1917) 9-4 pm ET Mon-Fri.

of the "boomerang principle" affecting the U.S. arms build-up and in his proposal for a "collective entrepreneurialism," Reich displays his talents as an original thinker and creative analyst. The reigning myths of the Reagan era lie in shambles after his searching probe. In the attempt to strike a balance, Reich keeps building up and tearing down liberal straw men. His analysis points to the deeper failure: liberalism itself has been reactive, unconvincing, and lacking in any coherent version of the national myths.

Reich's work sets out a usable liberal version of the myths. America, adopting Reich's version of its morality tales, would: engage the world without excessive confrontation, promoting third-world development and negotiated settlements to superpower disputes; foster creative groups of workers by spurring new forms like worker ownership; reorganize welfare programs to remove the stigma attached to so many recipients; and tell stories of the rot at the top that had to do with specific abuses of power by both corporate and public officials without condemning either in broad strokes.

Some of Reich's specifics will (and should) irritate the left. Two quick examples will suffice. He argues against universal entitlements, yet the politics of solidarity which keep Social Security untouchable derive directly from that sense of entitlement. In the discussion of how production is and should be organized, Reich simply ignores the role of organized labor. The system of stable mass production which is fading in the U.S. and other advanced economies was sustained by high wages, achieved through ferocious struggle. Reich suggests at one point that well- functioning labor markets led to those wages. Some form of distributive struggle will take place within the new system of flexible production, but no instructive hint of that exists in this book.

Robert Reich's agenda remains, though, a vigorous and welcome redefinition of modern liberalism. Here's hoping that a few of his tales will somehow work their way into the 1988 presidential campaign.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FOOTSTEPS THAT DID NOT FOLLOW

DUE EAST
Valerie Sayers
Doubleday, $15.95, 237 pp.

Carl Mitcham

After the fall, and an angel with flaming sword stood "at the east of the garden of Eden" to bar Adam and Eve's return, imagine that "the mother of all living" had been unable to bear children. Following a series of miscarriages, however, she finally gives birth to a daughter, and then when her daughter is but twelve-years-old, Eve dies. What would life have been like for a forty-year-old Adam and his teenage daughter?

Valerie Sayers's novel — at once richly realistic and a bricolage of religious allusions after the manner of many other Southern writers — is one response to such a question. Here Eve's name is Faith; Adam is Jesse Rapple (as in the father of David and Isaiah 11:1-2, and as in "rotten apple" and Psalm 17:8). He owns the Plaid King gas station in Due East, a small town on the South Carolina coast, but is slowly going broke.

His daughter, Mary Faith, who has quit singing in the Baptist choir because she no longer believes in God, becomes pregnant at fifteen and claims she "doesn't know how it happened," that it must be a virgin birth. The father is actually Michael Jagger, a seventeen-year-old Catholic dropout who reads Dostoevsky and once painted black breasts on the Virgin Mary statue in front of Our Lady of Perpetual Help and who, out of guilt for having allowed himself to be seduced by Mary Faith, overdoses on Quaaludes before he even finds out about the pregnancy.

The story of the nine months from fall 1980 to summer 1981 of Mary Faith's pregnancy — a pregnancy that is, on many levels, a response to the death of her mother, Faith — is told in alternating chapters of Mary Faith's first-person narrative and a third-person description of what is happening with her father. Each reaches out for the other and reacts to what are perceived as failures of love. The disjunction in narrative voices mirrors a deeper failure to bridge the gap between them. Jesse is upset that Mary Faith has gotten pregnant and wants her to have an abortion. Mary Faith is disappointed her father wants to kill the baby when her own mother had such trouble in carrying a child to term and never gave her husband the son he desired.

One Wednesday prayer meeting, as Mary Faith is being chastised by the Baptist preacher (whose "version of Jesus made him sound like a right-wing dictator"), she feels her father's supporting arm. "He just had his arm around me. I had never felt that sensation before, the sensation of being borne up by him." So much does she feel supported that Mary Faith is emboldened to stand and walk out in the middle of the sermon, expecting her father to follow — expecting it so much that only in the vestibule does she realize

> that no footsteps had followed me down the aisle, that no arm had brushed against my shoulder to hold me back or go with me. That no one had stood beside me when I stood. That my father had not followed me. That he was sitting, still, in the same pew where he had stretched his arm out around me, and that he would sit there until Dr. Beady finished his sermon, until Dr. Beady calmly exhorted the crowd to remember forgiveness and to remember righteousness.

But for Jesse Rapple, humiliated and re-

DID YOU EVER DREAM OF BEING A LAY MISSIONARY?

It's possible!

- Catholic Evangelizing Ministries.
- Serve for a year or more among the urban poor/homeless in N.Y. area.
- On-going training/community support.

Contact:
LAMP MINISTRIES
2704 Schurz Avenue
Throgs Neck, Bx., N.Y. 10465
212-409-5062
Tom & Lyn Scheuring, Directors

"When He saw the crowds, He had compassion for them because they were harassed and helpless,... Then He said: "The harvest is plentiful, but the laborers are few." (Matt 9:36-37)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fusing ever again to return to the church, the experience is one of his daughter permanently cutting him "off from his religion, or Faith's religion anyway, the one rope that had kept him from floating away all through her sickness and dying and now through Mary Faith's trouble."

Pain of separation and distance and lack of communication is the fundamental reality of this novel, but it is a reality that is largely understated and often only indirectly expressed. Indeed, this too is part of its character. There is a good deal of coming and going in the story, almost soap-opera twists and turns of plot and subplot (Jesse is having an affair with a fifty-year-old widow who gets pregnant, the teacher of the local GED program is breaking up with his wife, etc.) and some moderately florid sexual scenes, but the real action of the novel takes place not in heated discussions or emotional outbursts; it happens at a deeper level, below the surface.

Indeed, despite its southern gothic façade, this work of fiction is subtly enough told that the most minor remarks often have a depth of significance belied by the superficial lucidity of the text. At one point Mary Faith is remembering how "Michael Jagger's voice sounded like a foreigner's to me, and I didn't get it. He'd been in Due East all his life, probably." The force of that "probably" is only fully revealed when his mother eventually tries to befriend Mary Faith. The reader must be careful not to understand this novel too quickly.

In a certain sense, in fact, this is not a novel in the popular sense. Although plot and tension keep one reading at a rapid pace, the point of view as indicated by the opening prelude is actually one of cool retrospection, and character development is minimal — precisely because what is really happening is doing so on a deeper level. The voice of Mary Faith is not (and is not meant to be) the real voice of a fifteen-year-old, but a kind of restrained third-person first person, if you will. The voice that speaks for her father, Jesse, is equally laconic.

The key role played by silence or the inability to speak is emphasized by the occasion when Michael Jagger's parents try to convince Mary Faith to come to live with them.

> "I don't know what to say," Jesse said. The trouble was, he did know what to say — he knew to say: Get out of here. This is my daughter. Your son is dead. I am taking care of things.

But he doesn't say it. He looks to his daughter who, he thinks, "should be jumping up to his side, this minute, telling these Jaggers that she meant to stay with her father." Yet Mary Faith "kept her eyes lowered, her head bowed. 'I haven't made up my mind,' she said quietly." In their needs father and daughter once again silently betray each other.

The deepest silence, however, is not between Mary Faith and her father, but between Mary Faith and her mother — and between Mary Faith and God. Mary Faith hates her mother for her saccharine piety, and for dying and leaving her alone at age twelve; she further hates herself for having such feelings, and God for not

Between CHRIST and CAESAR

Classic and Contemporary Texts on Church and State

CHARLES VILLA-VICENCIO

Foreword by Paul Lehmann

"An indispensable tool. I do not know how we have managed without it for so long. Professor Charles Villa-Vicencio has put us in his considerable debt with his well researched and erudite work. . . . I recommend this work as a must for the serious student and the committed Christian."
— DESMOND TUTU

"An important book providing us with historical and contemporary material on a relevant and timely subject. This volume is a text book, reference book, and resource book rolled into one, yet it glows with a powerful prophetic witness. Simply a very good book to have."
— ALLAN BOESAK

"This enormously useful book relates the traditional debates in the church over its relationship to the state to the contemporary stand taken by the church against oppression, especially in South Africa."
— GREGORY BAUM

Paper, $16.95

689

At your bookstore, or write:
WM. B. EERDMANS PUBLISHING CO.
255 JEFFERSON AVE. S.E. / GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN 49503

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

answering her prayers first to let her mother live and then, as she was suffering, to let her die.

When her father has a heart attack and Mary Faith stands beside him in the hospital with the doctor and her aunt and a nurse telling her to pray, she says to herself,

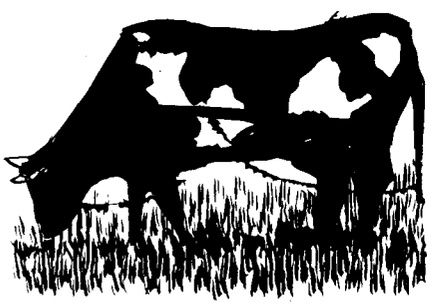
> These Christians must be everywhere. Didn't it occur to her that I'd prayed when my mother died? Didn't it occur to her that every relative who stepped through these intensive care doors prayed? If they all prayed, and most of the bodies shriveled up anyway, what did it matter?

But in the dark, after telling her unconscious father that she is not going to go live with the Jaggers and how she has only wanted for him "to take notice of me, just to know I was around," as she is leaving she blurts out, "You live, Daddy." "You live," she said again. "You live," still a third time. She has discovered prayer even when she rejects it.

A month later in the same hospital as she goes into labor, Mary Faith repeats to another pregnant teenager who advises her to call on Jesus when it starts to hurt, "I don't believe in Jesus. My mother died of cancer. I believe in cancer cells." Yet when her companion in labor does call out in pain it is "Jesus cocksucker!" while Mary Faith, despite herself, identifying with the cloud of pain enveloping her own mother at the end, finds herself saying simply "Jesus. Jesus. Jesus. Jesus."

The last chapter, entitled "Firstborn Son" — born on August 15, the feast of the Assumption — is an achievement that can be adequately appreciated only by one who has read the book. The narrative voices shift and intertwine. For the first time, there is not just third-person Jesse Rapple or first-person Mary Faith, one or the other, but both. In a spare twelve pages, with not a merger but a shift back and forth between narrative voices, a rapprochement is realized between father and daughter, one that is both real and yet devoid of any easy solutions to the life ahead. It is the simple touching between a forty-year-old man and his rebellious teenage daughter for the first time since his wife and her mother died, in the birth not just of a son named Jesse after his grandfather but of a tentative new life.

This novel is not only a good story and good literature; it is also good spiritual reading. It is a fictive study of our rejection of God, the motherhood of faith, and how both depend on and transcend our relationships with others. It can help us ask questions about our own lives and come to know better both ourselves and God.



Enriching Theological Reflections

JESUS IN LATIN AMERICA
Jon Sobrino

"This is an important book for North Americans, explaining convincingly the connection between christology and spirituality and solidly grounding the preferential option for the poor."
—MONICA K. HELLWIG, Georgetown University

"Sobrino has given us a most compelling articulation of the image of Christ in the renewal of the faith among Latin American people."
—JOSÉ MÍGUEZ BONINO, Protestant School of Theology, Buenos Aires

412-7 $11.95 paper

TOWARD A JEWISH THEOLOGY OF LIBERATION
Marc Ellis

"This fascinating book gives a solid foundation to the development of a Jewish theology of liberation. With its themes of Holocaust empowerment, survival and ethics, exile and renewal there is a challenge to the reader to explore one's faith and community in the light of the mandate to faithfulness."
—PHYLLIS B. TAYLOR, Jewish Peace Fellowship

"This brave and important book. . . deserves to be read widely by Christians and Jews alike."—WILLIAM TABB

358-9 $9.95 paper

BORDER REGIONS OF FAITH
An Anthology of Religion and Social Change
Edited by Kenneth Aman

"A gold mine. . . Its essays confront the reader with the cutting edge of contemporary debates on religion and social, economic, and political life. The selectivity and balance is so outstanding that this anthology will long remain unsurpassed and indispensable."
—FRANCIS SCHÜSSLER FIORENZA, Harvard Divinity School

"It is an excellent text. . . and [a] sourcebook of insights and challanges which all Christians should meditate on, especially theologians and pastoral agents."—LEE CORMIE, University of St. Michael's College

415-1 $23.95 paper

At bookstores / Write for catalog

ORBIS BOOKS Dept. WO
Maryknoll, NY 10545

MC and VISA orders accepted
Call toll free: 1-800-258-5838
In NY call 914-941-7687

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New Spring Books from Alba House

THE CHURCH FATHERS ON THE BIBLE
Selected Readings
Ed. by Frank Sadowski, SSP
Here, in one convenient volume, is a treasure-house of solid readings on the Bible from such spiritual and intellectual giants as Justin Martyr, Irenaeus, Hippolytus, Clement of Alexandria, Julius Africanus, Origen, Dionysius of Alexandria, Eusebius of Caesarea, Augustine, Jerome and Socrates Scholasticus. If you're interested in Patristics and/or Bible studies, you'll find this a handy, readable and interesting addition to your library.
$14.95

MARY: MODEL OF JUSTICE
Reflections on the Magnificat
Rev. William F. Maestri
More and more the Church is addressing the issues of social justice. The unique contribution of the Church to such discussions is in her profound religious symbols. Mary our Blessed Mother helps to guide us in speaking and living the good news to the poor. The Magnificat offers a wealth of insight into social justice and the place of Mary for our faith that seeks justice. Mary and social justice come together to help us *now* be a just and caring people.
$4.95

At your Bookstore or from
alba house
Division of the Society of St. Paul
2187 Victory Blvd.
Staten Island, NY 10314-6603
phone (718) 761-0047

ENTRANCES INTO REALITY

A THEOLOGY OF ARTISTIC SENSIBILITIES
THE VISUAL ARTS AND THE CHURCH
John Dillenberger
Crossroad, $22.50, 280 pp.

Mary Carroll Nelson

John Dillenberger unveils *A Theology of Artistic Sensibilities* amidst an eruption of art-related curatorial and publishing events centered upon spiritual relevancy. He holds a revisionist view of twentieth-century art history parallel to that of Maurice Tuchman, et. al., generators of "The Spiritual in Art: Abstract Painting 1890-1985," a pivotal exhibition which opened in Los Angeles last summer and is now on tour. Dillenberger brings to his task a rare competence in theology and art history.

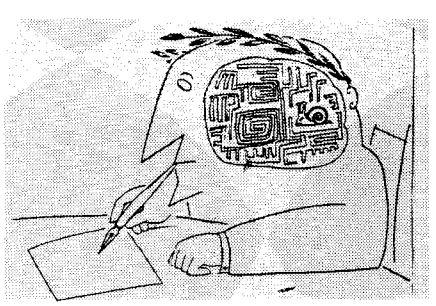
Unfortunately, though his book contains 123 black-and-white illustrations, some 107 works discussed are not illustrated and only a handful of readers will share the knowledge of both art history and theology which Dillenberger brings to the subject. This is a strenuous book. The author has a grand insight into the work of a number of people, not from a formalistic viewpoint but from pondering what he *sees*. That is what he wants others in his relatively bleak profession to do — to be able to see, to use their senses with delight and as a form of worship. It is all couched in a heap of words, some felicitous and others so academic and specialized that it is a hardship to wade through them. Nonetheless, I found the book valuable to read.

In the history of the Christian church, various opinions about the role of art have existed simultaneously. Dillenberger traces two currents of belief from the earliest times until the present: these are the proscription against making a graven image versus a reverence for the icon as a manifestation of divine reality. Ever troublesome, these opposing viewpoints fed the Reformation/Counter-Reformation controversy. Generally speaking, Protestantism, in rebellion against a perceived opulence and corruption in Catholicism, was iconoclastic, although Luther preached against destroying images and Lutheranism remains open to the visual arts.

"The Seventeenth Century was at once the narrowing of worlds and the broadening of worlds," Dillenberger writes. The essence of the baroque spirit was to combine religious absolutism with the new science and to portray this world in a state of active transfiguration. "Baroque art is the heart of the Counter-Reformation." In the centuries since, however, Catholicism sustained this transfiguring style long after it lost its energy.

Protestantism, meanwhile, placed its emphasis on the auditory, on the place of the pulpit in the church and has been supportive of architecture, while excluding the visual arts. "Architecture can therefore be said to be the art form of Protestantism." But Dillenberger decries the present lack of a working relationship among the church, architects, and artists. It is not artists who have deserted the church, he says; rather the church has deserted the artists.

In his excellent chapter "Perceptions



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the Spirit in American Painting and Sculpture," Dillenberger briefly surveys pivotal artists and their intentions with a perspective, as I remarked, that is similar to Maurice Tuchman's. He discovers the spiritual wellsprings of, among others, Joseph Stella, Arthur Dove, Georgia O'Keefe, Arthur B. Davies, Charles Burchfield, John Steuart Curry, Marsden Hartley, Augustus Vincent Tack, Mark Tobey, Morris Graves, and the Abstract Expressionists. Discussing Barnett Newman's abstract art, Dillenberger looks beyond its formal syntax and, relying upon a decade of friendship with the artist, posits that Newman's vision is "introspective and ontological."

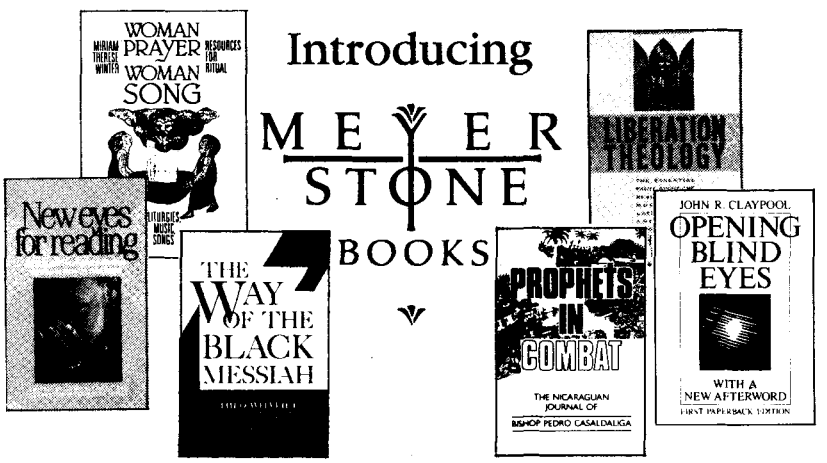
Dillenberger also remarks on the effect science has had in this convention. He notes that the sculptor Richard Lippold "is impressed by the way in which modern science has changed our perception. Things are no longer solid: their structure is an illusion . . . Space is the constant in which the small and the vast are present." He concludes the chapter with this summary: "In the modern world, the spiritual perceptions of artists and the full scope of a religious tradition seldom coincide. Most of all, the sources seem to well up from within."

Art history, viewed through a theological perspective, leads Dillenberger to his purpose, which is to plead for the unique role of the visual as a way of knowing and for its rightful place in theology. "Seeing has its own discipline, born of continuous seeing . . . Only a concern with seeing will restore sight to its rightful place." In a single paragraph, slipped into his chapter on "The Church, Art, and Architecture," Dillenberger refers to a "truncated religious ethic" that believes "it helps the poor by modesty without style." He argues that the senses serve human values, not just the aural sense, but the visual as well.

"Roman Catholics never abandoned the visual arts," he writes, "but in Roman Catholicism too their formative power was considerably reduced through a repetitiveness of style and content. The visual arts were a memory rather than a source of power. Thus, . . . Protestants and Roman Catholics lost the power of the visual."

In "Contemporary Theologians and the Visual Arts," Dillenberger seeks a theology of diversity that includes the arts. He quotes an address by Langdon Gilkey: "Art makes 'us see in new and different ways, below the surface and beyond the obvious. Art opens up the truth hidden and within the ordinary; it provides a new entrance into reality and pushes us through that entrance.' "

Dillenberger's goal is to include the visual arts in the curriculum of the seminary, a disappointingly modest conclusion. Something larger, more applicable to our pluralistic culture which sorely needs recognizable spiritual nourishment, would seem more appropriate to the Olympian viewpoint Dillenberger has taken of his subject. In an uninflected comment, he suggests that the idea of a church as a space filled with pews might already be passé. Clearly, Dillenberger's is an adventurous mind and he has the vision to imagine a theology of artistic sensibilities for more than the limited few who choose the seminary.



WomanPrayer, WomanSong
Resources for Ritual
Miriam Therese Winter
Powerful liturgies and 20 new songs celebrate feminine images of God. A healing, liberating worship resource.
PB #MA-M7S110, $14.95, April

New Eyes for Reading
Biblical and Theological Reflections by Women from the Third World
John S. Pobee, Editor
Barbel von Wartenberg-Potter, Editor
Mercy Oduyoye, Elsa Tamez, and more.
PB #MA-M7S117, $6.95, April

The Way of the Black Messiah
Theo Witvliet
"I highly recommend his perspective and deeply respect his critique."
—James H. Cone
PB #MA-M7S114, $19.95, April
HC #MA-M7S180, $39.95, April

Into Your Hands, Lord
Dom Helder Camara
Psalms, questions to God, and conclusions of a wayfarer. A beautiful gift book. Illustrated.
HC #MA-M7S116, $9.95, May

Liberation Theology
Phillip Berryman
". . . just the book I've been searching for as the basic text for my course on liberation theology . . . concise, well-written, balanced."—Harvey Cox
PB #MA-M7S113, $6.95, March

Prophets in Combat
The Nicaraguan Journal of
Bishop Pedro Casaldaliga
Challenges the disinformation of the media. Calls the Church to see clearly and speak prophetically.
PB #MA-M7S112, $8.95, May

The Priority of John
John A. T. Robinson
Explores the primacy of John. ". . . an impressive study . . . the details are as important as the broad sweep of the argument." *The Expository Times*
PB #MA-M7S111, $19.95, April

Opening Blind Eyes
John R. Claypool
The spiritual journey of this well-known Southern Baptist minister, now an Episcopal priest. With a new Afterword.
PB #MA-M7S115, $7.95, August

Spring • Summer 1987

Meyer • Stone Books 1821 West Third Street Bloomington, IN 47401

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FOR LOVE OF THE WORLD

TIME'S COVENANT
THE ESSAYS AND SERMONS
OF WILLIAM CLANCY

Edited by Eugene Green
University of Pittsburgh,
$19.95, 213 pp.

James Finn

"The real crisis (of the Catholic church) is one of authority and freedom, and the agony it brings with it is shared by those who think they must now defend one of these values against the other, and those many more who are tragically torn between the two."

If you read that opinion slowly enough you probably had time to think of several people, several issues to which it might apply today. But the quotation is from "The Troubling Spirit," an article by William Clancy that appeared in *Commonweal* almost twenty years ago. Like any reader of *Time's Covenant* must be, I was struck with how often Clancy's judgments encompass and transcend the particular limited subjects that provoke them. It was at least partly this characteristic of Clancy, I believe, that once led James O'Gara to describe Clancy as the *Commonweal* editor par excellence.

Clancy joined the *Commonweal* staff in the early fifties. In our present cultural mythology, the fifties are frequently regarded as the time of Eisenhower and somnolence, a trough between the political highs of the forties and sixties. That case can be made only with great injustice to the significant issues of the day and the consequent battles in which *Commonweal* played a most honorable role. To appreciate the intensity of those struggles one must recall that during those years the gap between laity and hierarchy was impressive and that, on most public questions, ready lay submission rather than cooperation was expected; that Joe McCarthy and the movement to which he gave his name flourished; that a movie could be condemned and kick up a mini-storm because it contained the word "virgin."

In his fine introduction to this volume, Michael Moran tells how Clancy's early attempt to dispel some of this oppressive climate led, indirectly, to his term at the magazine. A Ph.D. candidate at Notre Dame, Clancy struck at several attempts by Catholics (including Cardinal Spellman) to condemn, censor, or suppress several movies and a college magazine. In "The Catholic as Philistine," Clancy described these efforts as "semi-ecclesiastic McCarthyism." According to Moran, these efforts brought down on Clancy the veiled wrath of Spellman, the president of Notre Dame being selected as the agent of his dismissal from the school. He joined *Commonweal* soon after and, with John Cogley and other editors, fleshed out the body of opinion, attitudes, analyses, and judgment that came to be associated with the term "Commonweal Catholic." At its frequent best it represented and articulated a generosity of spirit, keen moral and intellectual discrimination, and a notable civility of manner and discourse.

Clancy carried these qualities with him in his subsequent years as a working journalist and, still later, as a priest and provost of the Oratory community in Pittsburgh. In this volume, these qualities are evident in his response to writers as diverse as Santayana, Mauriac, Lippmann, Silone, Toynbee, Waugh, and Newman — always Newman; in his discussions of freedom, democracy, Protestantism, and the nature of belief; and in his sermons.

Time's Covenant is not, however, simply an interesting slice of American Catholic history as seen through the eyes of an acute observer and participant. Clancy himself had the opportunity to reflect on the world after Vatican II and the changes it had wrought on the church — and on his own views. In his eulogy of John Cardinal Wright, who died in 1979, Clancy recalled some of his own past words about the essentials of the faith.

> How dated this may now sound, a quarter of a century later. "The essentials of the faith" are not as clear as they seemed then. Certainly, for most, they are not as many. But to all who, with any intellectual honesty, continue to call themselves Catholic, there were, are, and always will be, essentials. To affirm this proposition, to fight for it when many seem to think that the history of dogma, liturgy, and the church itself began around 1966, is not to have become "conservative." It is to have survived, as a liberal Catholic, into an age when that center which *is* liberal Catholicism is threatened by attacks from right and left.
>
> John Cardinal Wright did not leave the classic liberal Catholic tradition; it left him, or at least it disappeared as he had known it in the years and the angers that followed Vatican II.

In speaking thus of Wright, Clancy was acutely aware that he was expressing his own views. The classic liberal Catholicism that had shaped his own worldview and that he had consciously represented, the tradition that he defined as that of "Lacordaire, Dupanloup, Blondel, and Maritain, Newman and Acton, Orestes Brownson, Archbishop Ireland, and *Commonweal* itself" — that tradition, he perceived quite correctly, has been challenged in many of its aspects, in places eroded and even superseded. *Tant mieux* some may respond. But to Clancy this was a near-tragedy. He looked out on a world in which almost every important issue has been politicized, in which sectarian positions have been clothed in religious symbols and invested with an ultimacy they do not deserve and cannot satisfy.

In a sermon he preached not long before he died he commented on this situa-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion. "If the church abandons the preaching of the mystery of the cross and the resurrection in pursuit of any temporal good, no matter how necessary or how laudable that temporal good may be, the church not only forsakes its mission but the church becomes irrelevant to the ultimate human condition. . . . The church then makes itself merely another agency for political or social change."

In staking out this position Clancy was not adopting the familiar stance of aging liberals who, no longer comfortable with change which alters the world as they knew it in their youth, become "conservative" in the pejorative sense. His conservatism was based on holding to sound religious principles which he saw being lightly abandoned in favor of intense but sectarian political engagement, "the eternal enemy of any genuine Catholicism." His conservatism, if such it should be called, found an eager audience in the faculty and student community to which he ministered as a priest. He preached not of the needs of the third world, nor of the compassion we should feel for those afflicted with AIDS, nor of the ghastly dangers of nuclear war, nor of the appalling conditions of the homeless — all situations which deeply concerned him and the topics of innumerable sermons by others — but of Jesus Christ, crucified and resurrected. It was this message, presented in a myriad of ways, that drew people of all ages to hear him preach.

One last quotation, again concerning his friend and bishop, John Wright:

"John Wright loved the world. He loved his friends. He loved ideas and conversation, good food and good wine. Above all else, as he confessed, he loved the church — one, holy, Catholic, apostolic, and, of course, Roman. The church was the sign of those things which are eternal, set down among the good things, and the bad things, that pass." *Mutatis mutandis*, these words apply to William Clancy as well. This book is part of the testimony of that love.

And one last reflection. William Clancy is one of two *Commonweal* editors — the other being John Cogley — about whom I find myself asking since each of them died: What would he think of this question? How would he respond to this situation? Useless questions. Cogley's responses were almost always original and unpredictable, not to be readily anticipated by someone else. And Clancy's responses flowed from a continually developing application of clear principles to new situations. Again, not to be anticipated. Both men frequently disconcerted and sometimes disappointed those who knew what they wanted to hear from these two men — and heard something quite different. But both men taught a lesson that can be learned — though not without cost. Do your own thinking, make your own decisions, even if they run counter to what friends and colleagues expect from you. *Time's Covenant* is also testimony to this characteristic of Clancy's mind and spirit.

REVIEWERS

ROBERT JACKALL *has a book,* Moral Mazes *coming from Oxford University Press.*

JACK CLARK *publishes* Food Monitor, *a bi-monthly journal of World Hunger Year.*

CARL MITCHAM *directs the Philosophy and Technology Studies Center at Polytechnic University in New York.*

MARY CARROLL NELSON *is herself an artist, as well as a writer, editor, and teacher, based in Albuquerque, New Mexico.*

JAMES FINN *is the editor of* Freedom at Issue, *the publication of Freedom House.*

CLASSIFIED

Priesthood

DESIRE PRIESTHOOD? Vocation certain? Call 1-800-633-2252. Father Nigro Gonzaga University, Spokane 99258.

Biblical Institute

22nd Biblical Institute, Trinity College, Burlington, VT 05401, June 21-26, 1987. Faculty: Elizabeth Achtemeier, Paul Achtemeier, Joseph Agius, Peter Ellis, Wilfrid Harrington. Write: Sister Miriam Ward.

Book

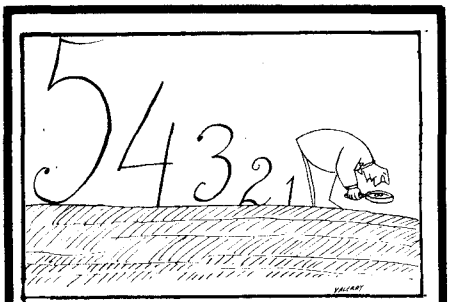
MYSTIFIED BY DECONSTRUCTION, Structuralism, "Neo-Marxism"? William C. Dowling, JAMESON, ALTHUSSER, MARX. $6.95 + 1.00 postage, Cornell University Press, 124 Roberts Pl., Ithaca, N.Y. 14851-0250.

19th Annual Institute on Sacred Scripture

August 2-7, 1987. Distinguished Faculty: Elizabeth Achtemeier, Ph.D.; Paul Achtemeier, Ph.D.; Leslie Hoppe, O.F.M.; John Pilch, Ph.D. For brochure contact: Institute on Sacred Scripture, College Misericordia, Dallas, PA 18612. Or call (717) 675-3862. Registrations are being accepted now.

Aging Religious: Our Responsibility

June 21-26, 1987. The Tenth annual Workshop for those working in retirement homes or programs for the aging in our religious communities. Also, optional pre-conference seminar (June 18-20) for those new to this ministry. For brochure contact: Institute of Gerontology, College Misericordia, Dallas, PA 18612. (717) 675-3862. Registrations being accepted now.



Ideas That Count

COMMONWEAL

A Primary Resource

Trial subscription: 11 issues for $9

Name

Address

City, State, Zip 5/22/87

☐ I prefer a full-year subscription (22 issues) for $28.

COMMONWEAL

15 Dutch St., New York, N.Y. 10038

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Inspiring, Illuminating, Important
New Spring Titles

Parochial & Plain Sermons
John Henry Newman

All eight volumes of Newman's sermons are brought together in one beautifully printed and bound volume on Bible paper. Newman's sermons are as powerful, fresh and challenging today as when he first gave them. The topics he covers are ones central to Christianity and salvation. Newman once again demonstrates his tremendous understanding of human psychology and the temptations and trials that we encounter as Christians in the world. 191 sermons in total. A magnificent work of timeless inspiration.

1750 pp **Flexible Hardcover $49.00**

Truth is Symphonic
Aspects of Christian Pluralism
Hans Urs von Balthasar

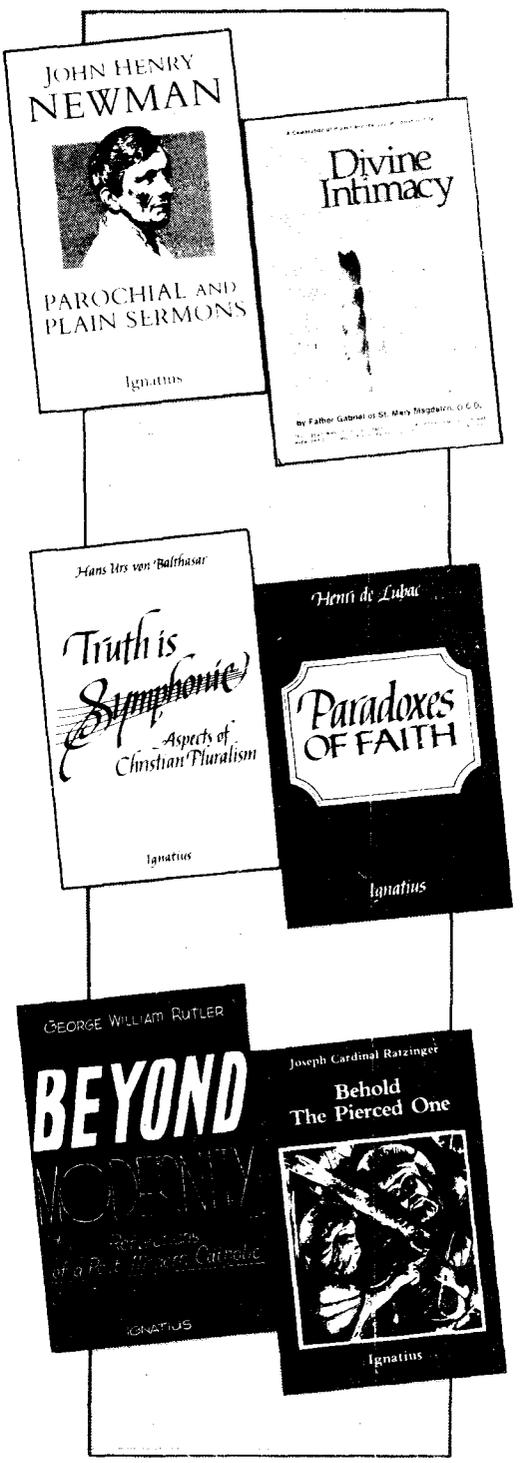
In this new spiritual gem, von Balthasar shows the tension between the necessary unity in Christianity and the diversity that should and must exist. The analogy he uses to describe this is that of a symphony. While many people really mean dissent and rebellion when discussing pluralism, von Balthasar shows how genuine variety is both possible and desirable within true Catholic unity. A very timely and readable book by a brilliant modern theologian.

206 pp **Sewn Softcover $9.95**

Beyond Modernity
George William Rutler

The whole desire of modern man is to be up-to-date and to bring the Church to full maturity. Once one strives for this end, it is easy to end up doing things that get out-of-date very quickly. Any attempt to deify progress and look at modernity as a goal in itself is vain and empty. The various topics and essays in this book examine this theme. Rutler, a convert from Anglicanism, writes in a manner that is reminiscent of Chesterton. This book is a theological and sociological commentary on the bankruptcy of progressivism.

250 pp **Sewn Softcover $11.95**



Divine Intimacy
Meditations on the Interior Life for Every Day of the Year

Fr. Gabriel of St. Mary Magdalen, O.C.D.

This is the classic book of daily meditations on the interior life, written to correspond with the Feasts of the Catholic Liturgical Year, issued in four separate volumes. Volume I from the First Sunday of Advent to the Eighth Sunday of Ordinary Time. Volume II from Ash Wednesday to Pentecost. Volume III from Pentecost to the 17th Sunday in Ordinary Time. Volume IV from the 18th Sunday to Advent.

"This is an excellent series of meditation books, the best I have seen. Priests will also find them very helpful for giving inspiring daily and Sunday homilies."

—Father Kenneth Baker, S.J.

Vol. I—Vol. IV 285 pp each $12.95

Special Price for Complete Set—$44.95

Paradoxes of Faith
Henri de Lubac

This book is a collection of profound aphorisms and reflections that are the fruit of de Lubac's study and reflection over the course of his life on the themes of Christianity and the spiritual life. They are rich and thought provoking gems, spiritual aphorisms, pieces of wisdom, and meditative reflections that express the freshness, incongruities and tensions of the spiritual life. A book of wisdom and inspiration.

210 pp **Sewn Softcover $9.95**

Behold the Pierced One
Joseph Cardinal Ratzinger

Proceeding from the prayerful dialogue between the Incarnate Son and his Eternal Father, Cardinal Ratzinger shows how one can only approach the mystery of the Heart of Christ through the imitation of this prayer. Using the Old and New Testaments and the Church Fathers, Ratzinger shows that the ecclesial community (Church) was born from the pierced Heart of Christ on the Cross. **128 pages Sewn Softcover $7.95**

To order, send payment plus shipping ($1.50) to:

ignatius press **Dept. A** **15 Oakland Avenue** **Harrison NY 10528**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED